Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1898.

THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE.

INTERIOR OF CONSERVATORY, HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, KENSINGTON.

II.

"London," says the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, "is in many respects the capital of the world, financially, morally, politically, socially. Darwin tells us that in his first voyage as a naturalist on board the Beagle he found in South America a general impression amongst the Spanish settlers that London was the vast country of which England was the little and insignificant chief town. Although such a mistake could not occur to-day, yet it is true that London is the heart of the world, the quivering, beating, pulsating heart whose throb is felt in the ends of the earth—the greatest city that the world has ever seen. Put the four great capitals of Europe together, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and you have little more than the population of London. Think what that means, six millions of people. Scotland and Wales together have not the population of London. Ireland has but two-thirds as many people as

BRITISH MUSEUM.

London. Here are more Jews than in Palestine, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Irish than in Belfast, more Scotch than in Aberdeen, more Welsh than in Cardiff. Every day 240 souls are added to its population. That means an increase of 7,200 every month. A city of 86,000 souls is added to London every year. Take all Australia and New Zealand and Tasmania and the Fiji Islands, all the tract of the British possessions known as Australasia, and you have not there more than two-thirds of the population that is crowded into this one city of London. Take Canada, a continent almost as large as Europe, with a million less souls than in London. Here it is, for good or ill, with power to make or mar the world, to help or hinder its well-being, greater than any other city."

Curious scraps of history, says Mr. Canniff Haight, hang around

FLEET STREET AND LUDGATE HILL.

some of these old London roads, and we like to pick them up on our way. My inclination leads me to loiter a little along Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, whose names are familiar to everyone who has read anything about the great city. The Fleet Street of to-day bears but little resemblance —in fact, none whatever—to the Fleet as it appeared previous to the Great Fire. Then the shops were rude sheds, with a penthouse, beneath which the tradesmen unceasingly called, "What d'ye lack, gentles? What d'ye lack?"

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The earliest London printers and booksellers were located on this street, and it still maintains its celebrity for printing offices. We now reach Bolt Court, where Dr. Johnson and Ferguson, the astronomer, ended their days. Goldsmith lodged in Wine Office Court. It was there where Dr. Johnson first saw him, and where he began "The Vicar of Wakefield." From Red Lion Court comes forth every week that world-renowned Punch. In Mitre Court is Mitre Tavern, where Dr. Johnson used to hold evening parties, at which were usually found Goldsmith, Percy, Hawksworth and Boswell. One can picture the clumsy old Doctor trudging along of an evening to the inn, and pausing at every post that he might lay his hand upon it, a thing which he always did, or, if neglected, it entirely unfitted him for the enjoyment of his company.

Ben Jonson and his sons used to frequent the Devil's Tavern, which in those days stood in this street; and here, too, Chaucer, when a student of the Inner Temple, gave a Franciscan friar a thrashing, for which youthful indulgence in pugilistics he was fined two shillings. Cowley was born near Chancery Lane, and two

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

doors from it was the draper shop of good old Izaak Walton, the angler. The Church of St. Bride's, with its graceful steeple, contains the remains of Richardson, the author of "Clarissa Harlowe," and other persons of note. Chatterton was interred in the burial-ground of St. Andrew's workhouse, Shoe Lane, now Farringdon Market.

Passing the site of Temple Bar we enter the Strand, of which Charles Lamb says: "I often shed tears in the motley Strand, for fulness of joy at so much life." Directly ahead, the old Church of St. Clement's Danes stood across the way, as if blocking it up. Stowe says that the church was thus named because Harold, a Danish king, and other Danes were buried here. Among the distinguished dead sleeping here are Otway, Nat. Lee, and Rymer.

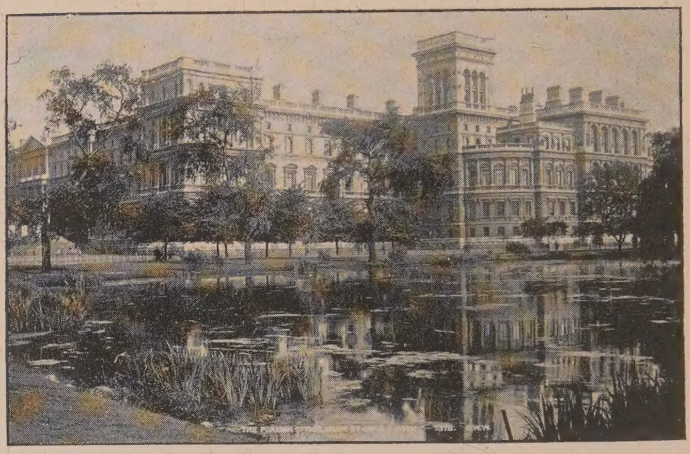
Passing the new Courts of Justice on our right, we reach in a few moments Somerset House on

HOLBORN VIADUCT.

GUILDHALL.

the left. The old house was the residence of several royal personages, among them Queen Elizabeth. It is a very large and imposing structure, and is said to be one of the few really handsome edifices that London has to boast of.

As we move along, I cannot resist the temptation of pointing out the narrow lanes out of which have come and gone many of England's greatest and best men, and in them, too, many a scene has occurred which has given to the page of history some of its brightest as well as its darkest touches. To my mind these are the features which impart to London its greatest charm; not the magnitude of the city, though that is wonderful, but the crowd of great men who



NEW FOREIGN OFFICES.

have lived in it, who have walked about its streets, whose genius has left an impress upon the world, and hallowed the places of their abode, often one of destitution and misery. In Northumberland Street lived Ben Jonson with his step-father, a bricklayer, and in Craven Street Dr. Benjamin Franklin resided in 1771. That prince of gossips, Samuel Pepys, lived in Buckingham Street, and Peter the Great in the house opposite, 1698. At the Somerset Hotel, letters were left at the bar for the author of "Junius." William Penn lived on Norfolk Street, and William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," kept a bookstore on it.

The western end of the Strand terminates at Trafalgar Square, named to commemorate Nelson's great victory. On the north side is the National Gallery, in front of which is a broad terrace. The great feature of the square is the Nelson column, with Landseer's lions reposing at its base.

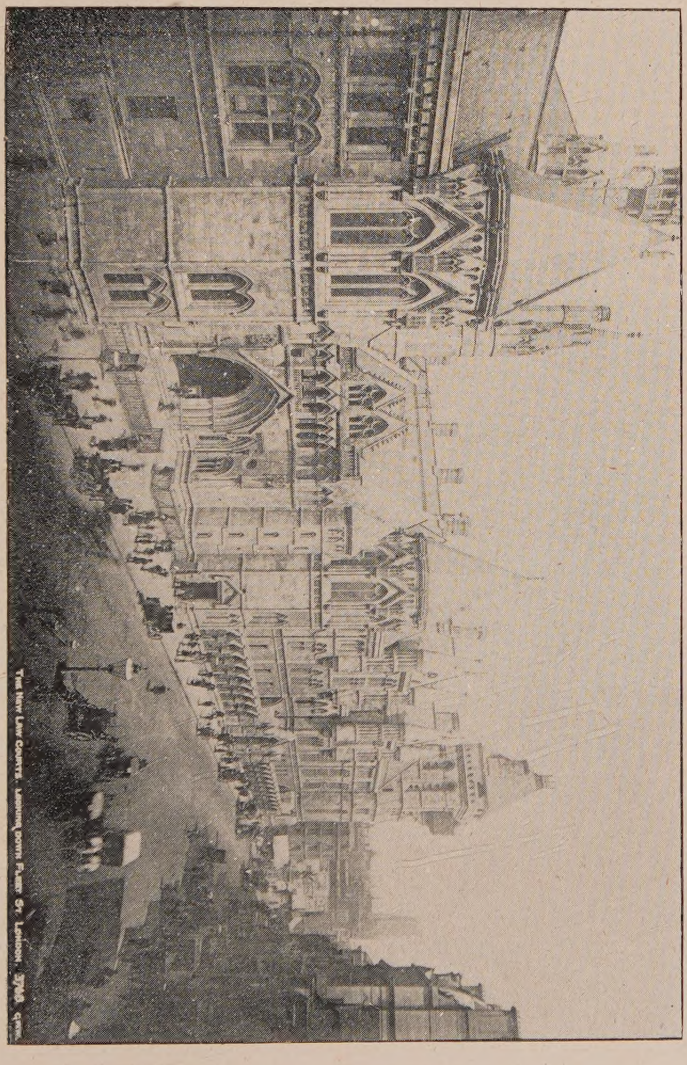
The Haymarket, which in olden

OXFORD STREET.

times used to be a market for hay and cattle, has effaced every trace of its humble origin. The massive fronts that stare upon you from either side, tell no tales of bawling drovers and lusty farmers.

At distance rolls the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach.
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau."

Marlborough House is in Pall



NEW LAW COURTS.

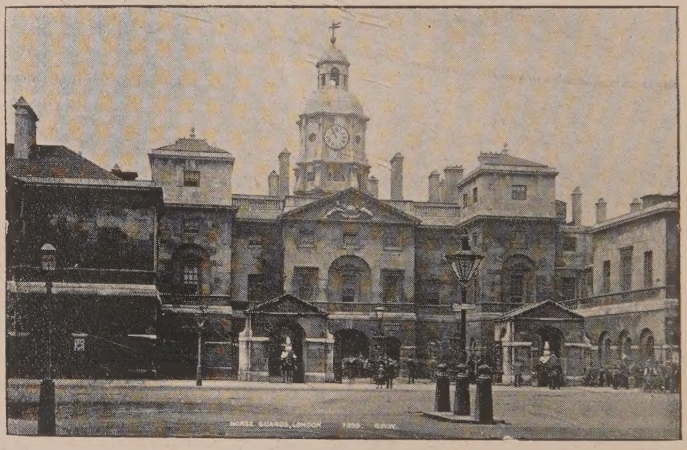
Pall Mall is the delectable land of clubs, or which there are some fifteen or more hereabout, and one might sing with Gay—

"O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!

Mall; next to it is St. James' Palace. In front lived Sir Robert Walpole. Tully's Head was the resort of Pope, Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Shenstone and Glover, Horace Walpole, the Wartons and Edmund Burke. Captain Marryat

had apartments on this street, and here wrote his "Poor Jack." On St. James' Street lived Waller, Wren, Pope, Swift, Steele, Gibbon, Fox, Crabbe, Moore and Byron; and in St. James' Palace also lived Addison, Parnell, Lord Guilford, Sir Francis Burdett, James Wyatt and Samuel Rogers. Piccadilly is said to have derived its name from "Picadil," a ruff worn by the gallants in the time of James I. In Hyde Park Corner stands Apsley House, the residence of the late Duke of Wellington. In this corner used to stand some swampy field attached to St. James' Hospital, but Henry VIII. had it drained and inclosed, and turned into a pleasure-ground. It was while walking in this park that Cromwell said to Whitelocke, "What if a man should take upon himself to be a king?" to which the memorialist replied, "I think that the remedy would be worse than the disease." On the south side of the park is Milton's garden-house.

Hyde Park seems to have been very early the haunt of the gay and fashionable, for the Puritans com-



HORSE GUARDS.

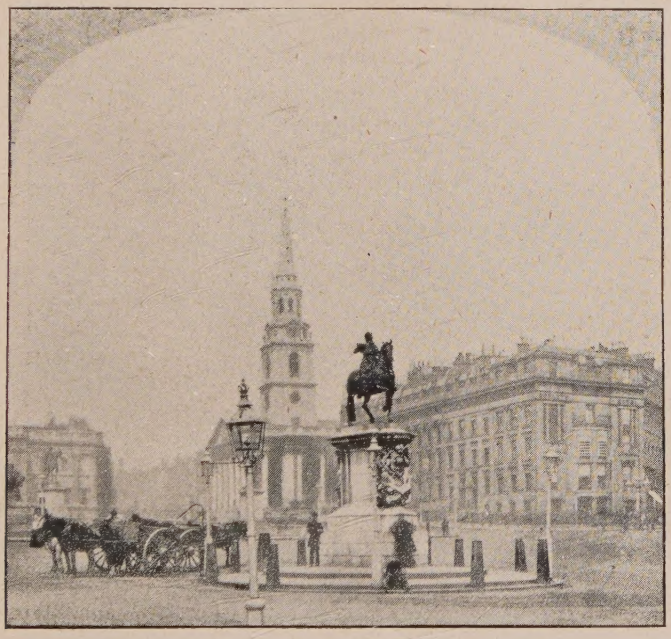
taverns, in one of which Sir Richard Steele and the poet, Savage, dined together, after having written a pamphlet, which Savage sold for two guineas to enable him to pay their reckoning.

In Leicester Square lived Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., Colbert, and successively two Princes of Wales after they had quarrelled with their fathers, George I. and George II. Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Hogarth and Charles Dibdin, the song-writer, lived in this square.

St. James' Park used to be a plained that it was the resort of "most shameful powdered-hair men and painted women." On a fine afternoon in the season may be seen here the wealth and beauty of London, and a display of splendid equipages and fine horses such as no other city in the world can equal. Hyde Park was once a forest belonging to the monastery of St. Peter, Westminster, where kings and nobles were wont to hunt deer. During the civil war Essex and Lambert encamped their forces here, and Cromwell reviewed his terrible Ironsides. But the crowning event of the

noble park was the universal exhibition in 1851.

The Albert Memorial stands at the south-west end of the park, directly opposite the Albert Hall. It is, no doubt, one of the finest works of the kind in existence. The upper portion of this elaborate and beautiful monument consists of a cross, supported by the successive tiers of emblematic figures, and there are four large angle groups in marble, representing the four quarters of the globe. The four sides of the large pedestal are adorned with alto-relievo statues (life-size), in white marble, representing many of the great men who have shed lustre on science, philosophy, literature, art, etc.

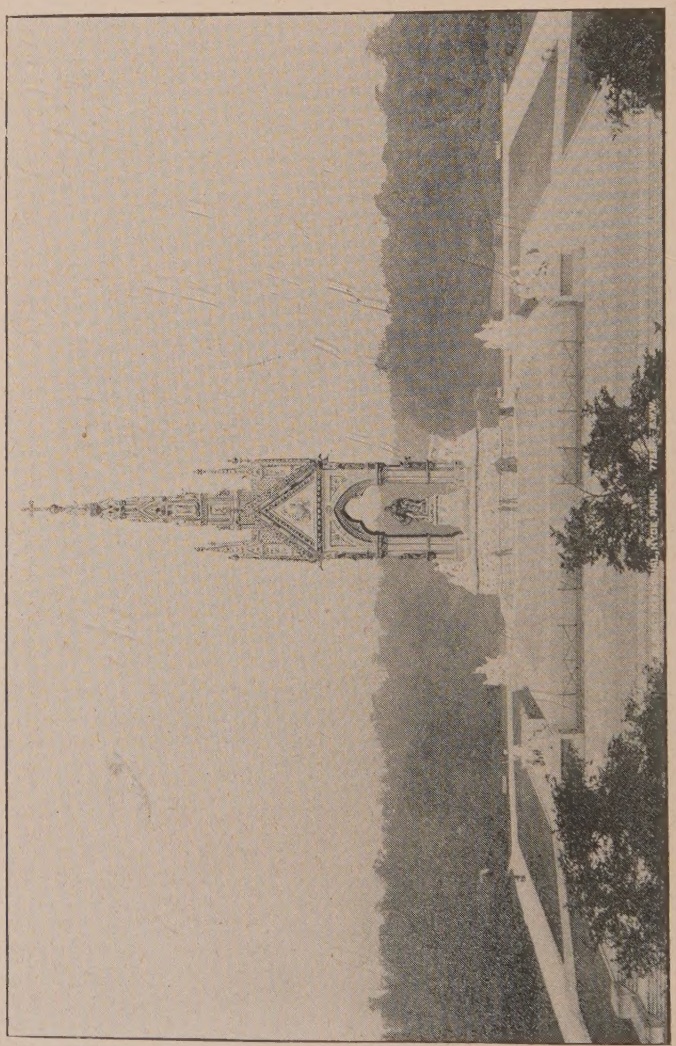


CHARING CROSS.

It would be impossible for anyone to overlook such a striking feature of London as St. Paul's Cathedral. There is one thing that must strike every beholder with regret, and that is, that such a magnificent structure—acknowledged to be the first of its kind in completeness, unity of design, and solidity of construction—should be cramped up in the very heart of the busy city. It is true that its massive walls and lofty dome tower in majesty far above the meaner structures that press in upon it on every side, and that it can be seen from all parts of the city, serving as a guide to the stranger in this vast wilderness of houses. Yet we could wish that it stood apart out of the roar and turmoil of traffic—away from the surging tide of restless humanity that constantly whirls and breaks around it.

The present cathedral is the third church built upon the same site since the foundation of the first by Ethelbert, King of Kent, A.D. 610. The first was destroyed by fire in 1087. The second, known as "Old St. Paul's," after being twice nearly destroyed by

fire and once by lightning, finally succumbed to the Great Fire of 1666. This structure seems to have been considerably larger than the present one. Its length is given as 690 feet, and its breadth



ALBERT MEMORIAL.

130 feet, while its tower and spire was 520 feet high, an altitude not reached by any spires of the present age. On the north side stood Paul's, or Powley's Cross, with a pulpit, whence sermons were preached, the anathema of the Pope thundered forth, heresies recanted and sins atoned for. Here, in 1484, Jane Shore, with a taper in one hand, and arrayed in her "kirtell onelye," did open penance.

"Before the world I suffered open shame,
When people were as thick as is the sand—
A penance took, with taper in my hand."

The interior of the church was divided throughout by two ranges of clustered columns. As a temple devoted to the worship of the

Most High, it had sunk deeper in iniquity than the temple at Jerusalem when the Saviour "cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves." The floor was laid out in walks, "the south alley for usurye and poperye; the north for simony and the horse-fair; in the midst for all kinds "mules, horses and other beasts." Drunkards lay sleeping on the benches at the choir door; within, dunghills were suffered to accumulate; and the choir people walked "with their hatts on their hedds." Thus had this grand sanctuary become desecrated, and as a final climax the Commonwealth turned it into barracks.

It was not until 1675 that the

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, etc. The middle aisle was called Paul's Walk, and was a lounge for idlers and hunters of news, wits and gallants, cheats, usurers and knights of the post, the font itself being used as a counter." It was a common thoroughfare for porters and carriers, for ale, beer, bread, fish, flesh, fardels, of stuff, and

first stone of the present building was laid. Entering by the door of the north transept, we make our way to the space under the cupola, which rises 228 feet above the pavement and has an internal diameter of 108 feet. There are a large number of monuments and statues in St. Paul's, and the most of them relate to those who have done their country service in war.

The remains both of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington lie in the crypt, the one encased in a coffin made out of the main-mast of the L'Orient, and the other in a large porphyry sarcophagus. There is something very impressive in the deep tones of the great organ as they roll away in waves of sound through the lofty aisles.

king's bonds for £60,000 into a fire of spicewood. Charles I. was feasted here in 1641; Charles II. was nine times entertained, and from 1660, with only three exceptions, all the sovereigns have dined at Guildhall on the Lord Mayor's day after their accession or coronation.

It was here that Richard III.

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

At the end of King Street, Cheapside, is the Town Hall of the City of London, known as Guildhall. In its great room are held the inauguration dinners of the Lord Mayor, a ceremony which has been continued since 1501. It will contain between six and seven thousand persons. Here Whittington entertained Henry V. and his queen, when he threw the

attempted to beguile the assembled citizens into an approval of his resumption, and it was here that Ann Askew was tried for heresy before Bishop Bonner, and condemned to be burned at the stake in Smithfield. The Earl of Surrey was tried and convicted of treason, and Lady Jane Grey and her husband were also tried and condemned here. After the abdication of

James II., the Lords' Parliament assembled here and declared for the Prince of Orange.

Among the old streets in this vicinity is Paternoster Row, occupied principally by booksellers and publishing houses. It is an old monastic locality, and derives its name from the turners of rosaries, or Pater Nosters, dwelling there, with stationers and text-writers, who wrote and sold A, B, C, with the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, etc.

At Covent Garden Market may be seen in the early part of the day the largest collection of fruit and vegetables in the world. The quantity of vegetables of every description, fruit of all kinds and from every clime, flowers and herbs, that are offered for sale daily in this market is perfectly amazing. One cannot help wondering how such an enormous quantity of stuff can find its way with so much regularity hither. It is asserted that there is more certainty in purchasing even a pine-apple in Covent Garden than in Jamaica or Calcutta, where pines are indigenous.

In Fetter Lane lived the leather-sellers of the Revolution, "Praise God Barebones," and his brother, both in the same house. Here, too, was the Moravian meeting attended by John Wesley.

In order to appreciate London fully one must be familiar with its history, and with the history of England. There are few, if any, of the great men who have lived in Britain, but are in some way connected with London, and as you walk the streets, their names are constantly recurring. The very stones on the streets invite you to pause and hearken to their tales of royal processions. They will tell you, perhaps, how Richard II. looked dressed in his parti-coloured robes jingling with golden bells, as he rode to old St. Paul's; or what a glad day it was when Queen Elizabeth, beruffled and befarthingaled, rumbled along in her plumed coach, on her way to St. Paul's to thank God that He had scattered and shattered the Spanish Armada; or later, how William of Orange and Queen Anne both in turn clattered over them on their way to return thanks for victories over the French, and how our Gracious Sovereign went in state to celebrate her royal jubilee.

Turning from these you may dive into some lane, where odd gables stare at you through their dirty, dusty windows; yet if you question them they may tell you curious stories about Caxton, the veteran printer, or his successors, who published for Wm. Shakespeare, the play-writer, and cautiously speculated in Milton's great epic, "that great production of a sorry age." Passing on, another tells you that Izaak Walton, honest man and patient angler, used to sit up there and watch the passers-by. Another tells you that here barometers were first sold.

"Varied as the colours in a kaleidoscope are the figures that will meet us in these perambulations; mutable as an opal are the feelings they arouse,—for all these many-coloured stones are joined by the one golden string of London's history."

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once, is past retrieving:
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.

—*Lowell.*

SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL—MR. J. ROSS ROBERTSON VISITING THE GIRLS' WARD.

THE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

BY HON. MRS. JAMES STUART WORTLEY.

BITS IN THE HOSPITAL.

Of all the efforts made to relieve the sadness of the lot of the growing population around us none stands higher, or is more deserving of continued attention and support, than the hospitals for sick children.

A child's hospital is free from many of the saddest features to be found in hospitals for adults, and in the present case the tenderness and zeal of the attendants and managers is so imbued with a hopeful spirit of cheerfulness, that an inspection of its wards gives rise to many consoling thoughts.

After due permission and a very genial welcome from the Lady Superintendent, we entered the ward for boys, on the ground-floor. The first sound which reached us was a happy little voice singing away in a cot to the left. Every child looked snug in his scarlet Nightingale jacket; there was the usual bright display of fresh flowers on the central table, and the children who were well enough were in easy-chairs, lounging with the careless grace of childhood round the large central fireplaces. The most noticeable feature here was the number of endowed cots, each labelled as being partly or wholly supported by communities or individuals. Many of these bore pathetic records, being memorials to little ones loved and lost.

In this severe weather it was

small wonder to find many cases of bronchitis. Two quiet young infants lay with the tent still round their beds, and two bronchitis kettles, judiciously arranged to

connect with the gas stoves, were in full operation; the little patients seemed free from pain; one had been saved from suffocation by tracheotomy, and the relieved, comfortable way in which the ward-sister told of their satisfactory improvement was very interesting.

Picture-books appeared in great favour in this ward, the boys being somewhat older than in the other divisions, and many able to read. There was, however, one most intelligent, bright-eyed little fellow, deaf and dumb, unable, alas! to benefit by the books, having had no instruction. His responsiveness to signs and his imitativeness are very unusual even in that imitative class; he writes a perfect fac-simile of any written words, but has no knowledge of their meaning.

In the large airy corridor there stood an ice-bin, everything everywhere being in excellent order and keeping. Looking out of the door which is the exit to the back of the hospital, the eye rests on a large open space well turfed over, and facing us rises the isolated building for infectious cases. These are rarely any but measles, that being a disorder prone to develop itself several days after admission.

We went up to the second ward for girls, and there were some children here who looked as if they had been rescued from starvation. A few were crying somewhat querulously, tea-time being at hand, and the little things beginning to crave for their refreshment. There was one very satisfactory group in the middle of the ward. Four girls all dressed and ready to be transferred to a convalescent home in the country, whither one of the sisters was getting ready to escort them. I thought one or two of these seemed a little reluctant to go; but all were joyful and thankful, and fully alive to the benefit of their improved condition.

I am recalled by a little wailing cry to the remembrance that nothing has been said of one of the best features of the place—the ward for very young infants;—some bright and rosy, all tiny, some weak and wizened still, but, thank God, almost all with the look of returning health. But here, again, the pressure from without tells heavily. There were

infants pronounced well and healthy, but still, alas, so feeble that one felt a terrible fear that the inevitable day of going out would with them be fraught with danger of immediate relapse ; whereas if they could be given the extra month of good food, warmth, and care which they still needed, their prospects would indeed be assured, and they would not go out only to suffer.

It sometimes occurs that persons are mentioned who are believed not to know what to do with their money; and although I have never in my own experience met with any individual entirely destitute of original views in this important matter, I only hope that, if they do exist, their steps may happily chance to turn in the direction of this hospital. Assuredly a single visit would be sufficient, and no doubt would remain as to the best way of giving money in charity.

The hospital described by Mrs. Wortley is in London, England, but we have in Toronto one of the largest and best equipped children's hospitals in the world. Its erection is largely due to the sympathy and generosity of Mr. J. Ross Robertson, M.P., who personally inspected the chief hospitals in Europe in order to secure for it the best possible equipment. Although Mr. Robertson has himself given very generously to this institution, yet it is still in urgent need of further assistance. With its furnishings it is valued at $213,000. On this is a debt of $70,000, which greatly cripples its efficiency. A strenuous effort is being made to reduce this indebtedness.

Our large engravings show groups of patients, among whom may be recognized their kind benefactor, Mr. J. Ross Robertson. In helping the little ones in the Children's Hospital we shall assuredly inherit the Saviour's benediction, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Few things appeal more strongly to our sympathy than the case of sick children. They often suffer through the fault of others. It is exceedingly pathetic to witness their patience under pain, their gratitude for gifts of flowers or pictures, and the gladsome games of the little convalescent cripples. Few things touch the heart more tenderly than Tennyson's beautiful poem on Little Emmie in the Children's Hospital, a few lines of which we quote :

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never
had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw
him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France
and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big
merciless hands !
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but
they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in
trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd
so coarse and red,
I could think he was one of those who would
break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved
him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever
such things should be !

MR. J. ROSS ROBERTSON AMONG THE COTS OF THE SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own."
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

Had? Has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by-and-bye.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said, "Ye do it Me, when ye do it to these"?

So he went, and we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! we have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said, "Poor little dear,
"Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."
I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to Me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about His knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me—such a lot of beds in the ward?"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.
He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away.

"THE INHABITANT SHALL NOT SAY, I AM SICK."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

When we, at last, have reached the glorious world
Toward which we now do journey, not again
The dread approach of death will e'er affright us;
And we shall no more say that we are sick:
For, ceaseless streaming from the eternal Throne,
Adown the broad, bright street of heaven's fair city
There flows a wondrous River—crystal clear
And pure beyond comparison—to drink
Of whose sweet waters is to live for aye;
And near its gleaming tide, on either bank,
Luxuriant flourisheth a Tree perennial,
Whose leaves are leaves of healing, and whose fruit
Is everlasting life.

Toronto.

MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.*

MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

"Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child," said the wise King of Israel. This saying finds striking illustration in the disasters which have befallen the ancient and once proud kingdom of Spain during the minority of its baby sovereign, King Alfonso XIII. Four hundred years ago Spain was the foremost land of all this world. After eight hundred years' crusade it had driven the Moors from their last stronghold at Granada, and united the kingdoms of Aragon

* "Spain in the Nineteenth Century." By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 8vo, pp. 441, illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

and Castile. Its sovereign, Charles I., was also Charles V., Emperor of Germany, ruler of the Netherlands, of the kingdom of Naples, and of the then literally boundless Spanish empire in America, and of the fair domain of the Philippines and Antilles. He was victorious at once over the Turks in Austria and the Arabs in Africa. He gained possession of most of Italy and forced the Pope to crown him at Bologna. But at Worms he found himself face to face with a new force, the dauntless son of the Mansfield Miner, the Monk that shook the world. Attempting to crush the rising Reformation, he found his fairest realms in revolt, and, weary of the world, he resigned his empire of Germany, his kingdoms of Spain, the Indies, Naples, the Netherlands, and retired to the monastery of St. Yuste and devoted himself to making clocks. "What a fool I am," he exclaimed, "to try to make all men think alike when I cannot make two clocks go alike." Anticipating his own death, he had all the ceremonials of his funeral observed, even to taking his place in the coffin prepared for his body.

His wide empire was broken up and the power of Spain was shattered by the destruction of its vaunted Invincible Armada, launched by the dark and gloomy Philip II. against Protestant England, and by the capture of his plate ships by Frobisher and Drake.

"The history of Spain since she sank from wealth and greatness into a second-rate, impoverished power," says Mrs. Latimer, "is one continued tangle of revolutions—all seeming to end nowhere and in nothing." She attributes to the Spanish Inquisition the deterioration which has taken place in the Spanish character. It has restricted the intellectual development of the nation, and made its people "rush recklessly from anarchical liberty to absolute despotism, and vice versa."

Nowhere else that we know can one find such an interesting and instructive resume of Spanish history during this century, as in the book on which we are dependent for this article. This handsome volume is illustrated by twenty-three full-page portraits. That of the Queen Regent printed herewith is one of these.

Alfonso, son of Isabella II., Queen of Spain, was a boy eleven years of age when he accompanied his mother in her flight to Biarritz and Pau. When Queen Isabella took up her residence in Paris, he was sent, as Louis Philippe's sons had been, to a lycee, or public school. He saw Paris in its state of excitement on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war, and the Parisians used often to see him in the Bois de Boulogne, driving his pretty pair of ponies. But when France became more troubled, he was sent to continue his education in Vienna.

After two years of study in Austria, his tutor, Count Morphy, went with him to England, where he again met the Prince Imperial, now, like himself, an exile, and they became attached friends. The Prince Imperial was a pupil at the military college at Woolwich; the Prince of the Asturias was sent to a similar training school at Sandhurst.

Canovas urged the Spanish nobility to send an address to Alphonso on his birthday in the autumn of 1874. A few months later, on the last day of the same year, Alphonso was proclaimed king. It is said that when the telegram announcing to Isabella that her son was proclaimed King of Spain reached her, she flew to the bedside of her boy, who was at the time passing a few days with her in Paris, and throwing

herself on her knees beside his bed, she begged to kiss his hand as the first and most devoted of his subjects. Alfonso sleepily put out the hand demanded of him, and fell asleep again. But the next day all was bustle. He had to make preparations for his journey to Spain, and, above all, to be provided with a captain-general's uniform. So hastily was this done that the hat was forgotten, and he reached Barcelona with only the college cap of a student of Sandhurst. It was, however, easy to procure in Barcelona a general's headgear, no country in Europe being so well equipped as Spain with every grade of general. Alfonso was then seventeen years of age, and had been absent from Spain rather more than six years. In spite of all precautions, his train received some scattering shots from Carlist guerillas.

When Alfonso had reigned three years, it became an object of primary importance that he should be married. The second daughter of the Duke of Montpensier and of his aunt, Louisa Fernanda de Borbon, was named Maria de las Mercedes,— our Lady of Mercy. She was about eighteen. Alfonso had been the bosom friend of her beloved brother and playfellow, Don Ferdinand, and had seen much of Mercedes when as a little boy in France he was almost daily with his cousins. From a very early age he had declared that little Mercedes and no other should be his wife.

According to Spanish court etiquette there was no possible chance for any word in private passing between the lovers, but they understood and trusted each other. At a country party Alfonso manoeuvred to whisper in German to Mercedes, "Let them say what they will, I will marry none but you." She laid her finger on her lips and looked up at him archly; that was all.

As Mercedes came to be known, she endeared herself to her people. The wedding took place in January 1878. All Madrid was festive and sympathetic. The wedding presents were superb. Queen Victoria sent a splendid bracelet of diamonds to the bride. The Prince of Wales sent a scimitar, in a sheath studded with jewels, to the bridegroom. The procession to the church was very splendid, and the young king and queen returned together in a carriage panelled with glass, and drawn by eight milk-white horses.

Mercedes enjoyed five brief months of unclouded happiness, and then came the end. She was prostrated by gastric fever, and after a short illness died. We bow to the Love and the Wisdom that sends such catastrophes; yet I can never think of Mercedes' death without remembering the lines of Coleridge :

Besides,—what grieved us most,—we knew
They had no need of such as you
In the place where you were going.
On earth are angels all too few,
While heaven is overflowing.

Between husband and wife there had been love,—deep, simple, and sincere. The warm, generous disposition of Alfonso and the calm, serene, confiding character of his bride, animated by a natural bright mirthfulness, seemed to promise a long life of domestic happiness; for Mercedes had the "mens sana in corpore sano." Spain had witnessed little married happiness among her rulers.

She died, sweet, loving, and beloved Mercedes, with all the world so bright about her, on June 25, 1878. To the last her husband hung over her bed, calling upon her name, "Mercedes! Mercedes mia!" To the last her eyes were turned on him with love. He said

to one who saw him a few days after her death, that for him there was no consolation, but that he would do his duty.

Here is a sonnet written by Lord Rosslyn, who was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary by Queen Victoria to the court of Spain on the occasion of the marriage. "It was written," says its author, "with tears."

Mercedes mia! turn thine eyes away;
I have no power to grant thy longing prayer;
Their mute appeal is more than I can bear.
Could I but snatch thee from Death's cruel sway
God knows how gladly I would give this day
My life for thine. For whom have I to care
When thou art gone? The darkness of despair
Clouds all my heart with terror and dismay.
Mercedes mia! I am brave once more!
Turn thy dear eyes on me until they close
Forever. I will look love into thine
Till death arrests their sight. What! is all o'er?
Then farewell hope, and farewell sweet repose.
Now duty's rugged path be only mine!

And soon, alas! for Alfonso, came the bitter day when duty to his people called on him to make a second marriage. So one of the ladies who at first had been proposed for Alfonso was chosen, the Archduchess Maria Christina, niece of Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria. She was tall, fair, sensible, and well educated. She was married by proxy to Alfonso in the summer of 1879, and came as queen into his kingdom. Their first child, a little daughter, was named Mercedes, a touching tribute to the memory of her whose loss could never be forgotten.

A painful event occurred early in Alfonso's reign. He made a trip to Germany to visit the Emperor, and when at Berlin accepted the honorary colonelcy of a Prussian regiment. Passing through Paris, on his way back to Madrid, he was set upon by the Parisian mob, and hooted and insulted, as one who had shown sympathy with the Prussians.

When cholera broke out in Southern Spain in 1885, Alfonso hastened to the scene of suffering, and did all he could to establish proper hospitals, provide medical attendants, asylums for orphans, and food for the starving. His self-devotion on this occasion endeared him still more to his subjects.

But his doom had gone forth. His constitution was consumptive, and after his return from the cholera districts in Southern Spain, the disease rapidly developed itself. He died at Madrid, November 25, 1885, his wife Christina tenderly attending him to the last, and receiving his last sigh ere he went to rejoin Mercedes.

When his funeral was over, Queen Christina found herself alone; and never was any human being more desolate. Her position might be described as truly pitiful. She had never established herself in the hearts of the Spanish people. To them she was a foreigner; even her husband's sisters thought her cold. Besides, her position was not defined. Though a queen, she was not a sovereign. She was only the widow of a Spanish king. She had two daughters, but it was still hoped that she might have a son. There were a few days of painful suspense throughout the country; then her very helplessness appealed to the hearts of the Spanish deputies, and she was chosen Queen Regent during the minority of Mercedes, her daughter, or, as was earnestly hoped, during the minority of a Spanish prince, her son.

When she took the oath to be faithful to her duties as Queen Regent, the Cortes presented a touching scene. She stood in deep mourning among men, most of whom were clad in brilliant uni-

forms, and in a low voice, in profound stillness, swore to hold sacred the rights and liberties of the Spanish nation. The sight of her so young, so lately widowed, so helpless and alone, moved all in the Assembly. She conquered their hearts and the hearts of the Spanish people. "From that moment," says one who tells the story, "she was a sovereign indeed, with a loyal people round her."

Meantime, on May 17, 1886, ministers and other high officials were summoned to the palace. As they waited, a faint cry was heard; and the Prime Minister, Sagasta, emerged, with a beaming smile, from the Queen's chamber, exclaiming, "Viva el rey!" Little Alfonso XIII. was born! He had no father, as other royal infants had had, to present him to the assembled dignitaries on a golden salver. That office was performed by a chamberlain. But great was the joy throughout his kingdom. From the hour he was born he was King of Spain, and all official documents are put forth in his name. His mother has always taken delight in presenting him to his subjects. When he was only a few months old, the army in Madrid passed in review before him, and never did a little prince receive more tender maternal care, or a more princely education. He is rather a delicate child, and it may earnestly be hoped that he has not inherited the consumptive tendency of his father. That tendency, however, if it is his, may very largely be counteracted by judicious nurture.

And Christina herself, with a face that is always somewhat sad, but that appeals to other hearts by an expression better than beauty,—a tender, beseeching look that comes only to those who have experienced a great sorrow,—is now honoured and beloved by her son's people. When in the king's infancy she first presented herself in in public with the child in her arms, the feeling of all who saw them was expressed at the time by Castelar, "Spaniards cannot fight against a woman, or against a child in his cradle."

The Queen cares little for display, though she is constantly obliged to pose as Queen Regent in public, giving brilliant receptions and audiences to foreign ministers; but her taste is for a quiet life, and her happiness in the care of her children. But a quiet life is the very thing denied her. During her whole regency Spain has been in a turmoil. The machinations of the Carlists, the Republicans, the Anarchists, have convulsed the realm. The protracted revolts of Cuba and the Philippines have bled the mother country white and brought it to the verge of bankruptcy. The pride of the old hidalgos resents the friendly offices of the United States in the interests of humanity and peace, and pushes the nation to the edge of war. Truly a hard condition for a widowed regent and twelve-year-old boy-king.

THE PATHWAY.

Dwell ye within cot or hall,
Be ye lord or be ye thrall.
Have ye joy or grief for store,
Know ye this—from every door,
Straight across the sky's blue meads,
Up to heaven a pathway leads!

Tho' ye wander faint and far
Underneath an alien star,
Or do nightly sink to rest
Near the loving mother breast,
Everywhere to him who heeds—
Up to heaven a pathway leads!

THE MARTYR BISHOP OF AFRICA.*

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

MISSIONARY TOURING IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

James Hannington was born in the south of Sussex, England, September, 1847; consecrated Bishop, June, 1884; murdered in Africa, October, 1885. From Cradle to Consecration, thirty-seven years; from Mitre to Crown, sixteen months. Rare and rapid promotion! His biography was published in 1893, and has reached its thirty-fifth thousand.

Two things are needed to make a readable biography—a good man and a good writer. Hannington was of "the guinea stamp." His biographer, E. C. Dawson, M.A., Oxon, shows plainly rare skill and prudence in his work. The book is a literary treasure such as we seldom read. To students it must be a stimulus, to missionaries a benediction.

"They would not have had one thing about him different," says his biographer, of Hannington's friends. This would be an inscription of which very few tombstones are worthy. "Keep my memory green," said Dickens, but the above is a memory in full flower—immortelles at that.

Hannington's great-grandfather was of superhuman strength—a fine progenitor for an African bishop. His father was "fond of travel," his grandmother was of renowned beauty, and his mother a woman of magnetic disposition. So much for heredity.

From the dawn of his mind Hannington loved nature; saw its lichens, cunning birds and mysteries of rock and cavern. At seven years of age he was a yachtsman—discovered one day at the masthead "suspended by the seat of his trousers." Of private schools and tutors he had a hearty dislike, a feeling which seems to have been reciprocated. He was

A MISSIONARY OCTOPOD.

soon known on the campus as "Mad Jim," and had his full share of thrashing and being thrashed.

At sixteen he gave his services to a counting-house. At eighteen he was an artillery officer, and varied his occupation with commanding the yacht, and appearing at his best when the sails were be-

* "The Life of James Hannington, First Bishop of Equatorial Africa." By E. C. Dawson, M.A. Pp. 392. Illustrated. London: Seeley & Co. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

ing blown to ribbons. The Bishop was surely in training! At twenty Hannington went, with his father's family, over to the Anglican from the Congregational communion. This brought him into contact with zealous and bright men of the fraternity. At twenty-one he went to Oxford. Of pale, rather sallow face, and loosely and pliably set figure, and with a kind of laughter that shook him sorely before it would let him go, he be-

AFRICAN AMBULANCE.

came popular at once. He was not studious; sought more to master men than grammar. Masterful, but disposed to do more than his own share of athletics, boat-races and field games were sure to be carried by his club to victory. He had only a shred of nether garments left when a rowing match was finished. In town and gown rows he was always in the front, the light of battle in his eye, and his avenging fist stained with the gore of his adversaries.

This was a strange admixture of fun, fury and pathos—a man full to the brim with animal spirits—effervescing and boiling over very often. His tutors were glad to have him sent to a private rector for instruction. He returned to Oxford, however, for examinations, one day of which he worked well. On the second day an ill-conditioned organ grinder took position under his window and annoyed him to such a degree that he rushed out and withdrew his name. There were surely stumbling blocks in the way to the bishopric that none but God could overcome.

Hannington's life, like Norman McLeod's, is adorned with impromptu sketches with which he illustrated his letters to his confidential friends. They are quaint, laughable, ingenious.

Like sunrise on the Alps, which bathes the highest peaks with a warm glow, then tips each lower point, till it fills the valleys with light and beauty, Hannington's head, then his heart, and finally his entire being, came wondrously under the influence of divine grace. His mother died. By her coffin he knelt and prayed in agony, then arose a changed man. A college chum had written him urging him to seek Christ thirteen months before this time. He now answered the letter, begging the writer to hasten to him and give him comfort. He had taken curate's orders, and now found he was but barren soil with no food for his flock. This part of the book is very sad, but it shows an old-fashioned repentance. He read "Grace and Truth," and, like many others, was repelled by its crudeness and dogmatism, though

HARD TRAVEL FOR A SICK MAN.

it helped to convince him of his need as a sinner. Ultimately, a genuine conversion followed his diligent search for Christ.

He returned to Oxford and took his M.A. Like some others in history, the change in his manner surprised the staid Oxfordites. Preaching now was to him a very serious duty, and to his hear-

ers a message at once practical and aflame with holy influence.

At twenty-nine he made a most suitable marriage. His father died about this time, and left the son by will St. George's Chapel. Here he held services a few months only—the great soul sighed for wider range. The Church Missionary Society sent him out with several other missionaries to Eastern Africa. The notorious king, Mtesa, was there living, bright, sympathetic, but fitful, giving a fair countenance to missionary work. The voyage and subsequent land journey were very trying. Very bad water, dangerous rivers, lurking malaria, unfaithful guides, hyenas by night, lions by day—these all had to be endured or fought through most of the weary transit.

His difficulties of travel are described in his journal, and illustrated with humorous cuts of the very literal "ups and downs" of missionary life. Of some of these we give reproductions. It blends a pathos with their humour to know that every step and jar racked his frame. Once he went to choose a place for his grave. More than once he was left for dead by his bearers.

"Racked by fever, torn by dysentery, scarcely able to stand upright under the grip of its gnawing agony; with his arms lashed to his neck lest their least movement should cause intolerable anguish to his diseased and swollen liver—the bright and buoyant figure which had so often led the caravan with that swinging stride of his, or who had forgotten fatigue at the close of a long march, and dashed off in pursuit of some rare insect,

> "'His beard a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind,'

was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man."

He thus records his adventure with a hippopotamus:

"I had my wet bed and blankets carried up a little way from the swamp-belt of the lake. The boys and men were afraid to remain with me so far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining; and, unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I commended myself to the care of the Almighty, and fell asleep. Soon a tremendous roar close to my head caused me to start wide awake. What could it be—a lion? No, lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had, no doubt, come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object, a sleeping white man with an umbrella over his head; so, bel-

"A LION? NO: . . . ONLY A HIPPOPOTAMUS."
(From a sketch by Bishop Hannington.)

lowing out his surprise, he made off for the lake."

The party at length succumbed, some turning back, others falling sick or dying. They had, however, one comforting farewell service before separating. The Holy Communion was dispensed there in a wilderness of savage darkness, in the heart of Africa.

CARRIED SAFELY ACROSS.

The brave Hannington, after prolonged struggles, retreated, sorely against his will; reached Zanzibar safely, and arrived home, weary, but determined to reach Eastern Africa with restored health.

The Committee again opened a way for him, causing his soul to exult in praises that were expressed in his letters in large capitals. He was so far from being considered a defeated missionary that the authorities decided he should be a bishop and consecrated him accordingly. Bidding wife and babes good-bye, he sailed once more in November, 1884.

The party reached Frere Town safely. The Bishop thus describes his reception : " A thousand people came to the shore; guns fired, horns blew, women shrieked, I laughed and cried. Altogether, there was a grand welcome, and the moment we could get a little quiet we knelt down and thanked God."

Here the head of the diocese was established, with twelve clergy, eleven lay teachers, and four ladies. The territory covered by these was of enormous extent. The Bishop called for soul-saving efforts; gave himself to business, weeding out converts, prescribing medicine and many other duties necessary to a new field.

New openings invited him to take long journeys. During one of these he covered one hundred and twenty miles, at the rate of thirty-four to forty miles a day, over rough roads and on foot. Mtesa had died meantime, giving place to a vain, ill-advised successor. Hannington was arrested; his followers were imprisoned, tortured, and some of them murdered, while a few escaped to tell part of the tragic story. The remainder of the story was gleaned from the Bishop's diary, which was fortunately recovered. It is touching in the extreme :

" About twenty ruffians set upon us. They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. I grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I

UPS AND DOWNS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

said : ' Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. The exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang: ' Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed, wet through with being dragged along the ground, strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along,

dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced."

"October 28th, Wednesday.—(Seventh day's prison). A terrible night, first with noisy, drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me! I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.

"October 29th, Thursday.—(Eighth day's prison). I can hear no news, but was upheld by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

This is the last entry in the little pocket diary.

Brave to the very end, leaning trustfully on Christ, he endured those days and nights of cruel treatment, with heroic patience. His dying testimony was this—"I am about to die for the Baganda, and have purchased the road to them with my life."

England caught up the words and used them as a missionary war-cry. Scores felt that Christ must be served and Bishop Hannington followed by conquering the tribes for righteousness.

One ceases to wonder that the life of a missionary should reach its thirty-fifth thousand in a few months after reading the history of this grand man and his marvellous achievements.

New Glasgow, N.S.

WITHOUT HIM.

"Without me ye can do nothing." (St. John xv. 5.)
"I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." (Phil. iv. 13.)

What of my life without Thee, Christ my all!—
At waking let me hear Thy winning call,
And bide till evening in Thy gentle thrall!

What of the day without Thee, Christ my light!—
The sunniest hours without Thee are less bright
Than midnight darkness of a moonless night!

What of my work without Thee, Master dear!—
No hour of toil can e'er be wholly drear
If to Thy servant Thou remainest near!

What of my play without Thee, Christ my joy!—
Without Thee 'tis the enemy's decoy,
Without Thee pleasure's sweetest cup doth cloy!

What of my pain without Thee, Saviour sweet!—
Oh, then how great my need to clasp Thy feet,
And for Thy soothing pity to entreat!

What of the night without Thee, Christ my rest!—
How may I slumber save my head be press'd
Upon the pillow of Thy loving Breast!

What of my death without Thee, Christ my life!—
O love, I'll cling to Thee while grace is rife,
Then wilt Thou shield me in that mortal strife!

CYRUS FIELD AND THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY HELOISE DUPUIS TAYLOR.

II.

"Preliminary failure was ever the law and condition of ultimate success."
—*Earl of Carlisle.*

Such seemed to be the principle that animated the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. They at once put forth efforts to renew the attempt. They ordered seven hundred miles of new cable, and this time secured the support of the Government.

The first voyage was largely experimental. The first defect to be remedied was that of the paying-out machine. For this purpose they secured the services of Mr. Wm. Everett, who made such improvements in it that it was like a new creation. Before the second expedition was organized, the directors unanimously voted to Mr. Field a salary of $5,000 and travelling expenses, which tempting offer Mr. Field promptly declined, preferring to take the directorship for the love of the work and the good of humanity. At the first turn, however, disappointment met them. The good ship Susquehanna was quarantined in the West Indies with yellow fever on board. In their extremity Mr. Field appealed to Sir John Pakington, of the English Admiralty, explaining the situation. The Government at this time was chartering ships to carry troops to Malta, but, as in the case of many another appeal, gave a generous response, placing at the disposal of the Company H.M.S. Valorous.

For two months the work of reshipping went on. It was the last of May the final load was stored and the ships started down the Channel to try a series of experiments. Although the cable broke twice, the paying-out machine worked well. On the whole the result of the trip proved satisfactory, and the ships returned to Plymouth. Mr. Field was the heart, the main-spring of the enterprise.

In the hope of securing more favourable weather, the ships sailed two months earlier than before, but, alas! after two or three days of blue skies and calm seas, the barometer fell lower and lower. The ships struggled with the gale as best they could. At one time the coil of cable on one of the ships broke loose, threatening to break through the side of the vessel. But

"Come what come may,
Time and the hours run through the longest day."

Just fifteen days after leaving Plymouth, they greeted each other in mid-ocean, in a sea as calm as though it were some still bay. Before they could begin operations, the cable that had broken loose had to be recoiled. This finished, the cables were spliced. Off they started, one east and one west. They had sailed but three miles when the cable caught in the machinery and broke. A new splice was made. Everything was working as smoothly as heart could desire, when—without a moment's warning the current ceased—forty miles had been paid out—had been laid to rest in the coral-line cemetery at the bottom of the deep.

It was disheartening, and to make it more so they could in no way account for the cause of it. As one writer puts it, "The nature of the peril must always remain as

secret and unknown as the depths in which it is to be encountered."

Again the ships approach each other, again the ends of the cable are joined, and again they sail off toward their different havens. This time with better success. As mile after mile passes from out the ship, their spirits rise, and one hundred miles are safely hidden. One hundred and fifty—two hundred—and then—twenty feet from the stern of the Agamemnon the cable parted.

Sad-hearted and sorrowful, with but a story of defeat to tell, the good ships were forced to return to land. Bad news travels fast. Though Mr. Field hurried to meet the directors, the evil tidings had forestalled him. What a discouraging meeting that was! It was advised by some that the cable should be sold. The vice-chairman resigned, and it looked for a time as if the poor cable was going to be deserted by all its friends. There were a few, however, who clung to a last chance. It seemed a forlorn hope, but they had the ships, enough cable to cross the sea, and a strong faith that this might be that "tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." No time was lost, coal and supplies were taken aboard, and one day, unnoticed and uncheered they made their way down the Channel. In the latter part of July, without any formality, the splice was made and thrown overboard. The Niagara, in which Mr. Field sailed, made for Newfoundland. The very first evening the signals from the other ship ceased. Applied tests showed perfect insulation, but a want of continuity; and not for some two hours of slowly paying out and frequent testing were perfect signals obtained. Owing to the presence of so much iron the compass was out. So the Gorgon had to take the lead and pilot the way. Nearing the shore, the Niagara grew so light that she began to roll very much. Fortunately the weather kept fine, and on the evening of the fourth of August Captain Otter boarded the Niagara to pilot her to her anchorage near the telegraph house—in one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.

The Agamemnon did not have so pleasant a voyage. She encountered fierce storms at sea, but at length Valentia was sighted, and the good ship brought her end of the cable in safety to the shores of the Green Isle, and complete communication was established between two worlds. Two continents could whisper to each other as if they were boats anchored side by side. The cable was laid! A simple letter from Mr. Field to the Associated Press that "by the blessing of Divine Providence it had succeeded," changed expressions of derision and pity into exclamations of joy. Mr. Field awoke to find himself famous; the dreamer of yesterday was the benefactor of to-day.

According to arrangements, the first message was one from her Majesty to the President of the United States. Her Majesty cabled: "The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem." The President, after acknowledging the message, said: "It is a triumph, more glorious because far more useful to mankind than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle."

With the publication of the Queen's message the excitement grew more intense. As the bells

at Christmas time ring for the anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace, they rang now that a great and peaceful battle had been fought and won.

The London Times, speaking of it, said : " More was done yesterday for the consolidation of our empire than the wisdom of our statesmen, the liberality of our legislature, or the loyalty of our colonists could ever have effected."

It became a theme for song and sermon. Favourite texts were : " Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world," and Job's question : " Canst thou send forth the lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee : Here we are ?" The poet's song rolled out in major keys,

" 'Tis done ! the angry sea consents,
The nations stand no more apart ;
With claspèd hands the continents
Feel throbbings of each other's heart.

" Speed, speed the cable ; let it run
A loving girdle round the earth,
Till all the nations 'neath the sun
Shall be as brothers of one hearth.

" As brothers pledging, hand in hand,
One freedom for the world abroad,
One commerce over every land,
One language and one God."

Feasts and festivals abounded. At New York, the programme began with a religious service, at which every voice joined in the strains of the " Te Deum " and " Gloria in excelsis." But in the midst of rejoicings came the news that the cable had gasped its latest breath, and had given up the ghost. The day of enthusiasm was gone; congratulations were turned to words of scorn. The cable was an imposition, a hoax—a South Sea bubble—one man tried to prove that mathematically it was an impossibility. Questionings arose as to its ever having worked.

We have ample proof that it did work. In the four short weeks of its existence it carried four hundred messages across the sea. If the cable had never transmitted any other news than that of the safety of the Europa's passengers, and the command annulling an order to despatch troops to India, thereby saving fifty thousand pounds to the British Government, it more than repaid the efforts put forth in its construction. But the poor cable had never been robust. It had passed through many a trial. The manufacturers were not experienced cable makers. It had been exposed to the rays of a summer's sun, the gutta-percha covering thereby becoming melted in places. It had been shipped and reshipped, twisted and untwisted, while storms by sea and land had added their quota to its disablement. The wonder was not that it did not work but that it worked at all.

The public, however, demanded more than the mutterings which Prof. Thompson's instrument could draw from its trembling lips. A feeling of ever-deepening discouragement crept o'er the public. Those, however, who were most interested in the cable knew no such word as Fail, and the work was again taken up. The English Government showed once more its generosity and practical sympathy.

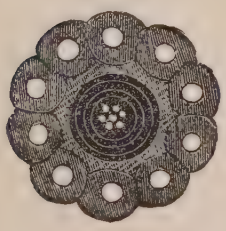
In the early days the operators thought it necessary to use a very powerful battery, but experience taught them that " God was not in the whirlwind, but in the still small voice " ; that the valleys beneath the sea were veritable whispering galleries ; that a literal meaning could be given to Milton's

" Airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

The Civil War of 1862 put all thoughts of any scheme away from the minds of our neighbours to the South, until the unhappy Trent affair showed them the ne-

cessity of quicker communication with the Old World. As The Times said : "We nearly went to war with America because we had not a telegraph across the sea." Not until then did they give serious thought to the cable.

Five years had passed since failure had overtaken the hearts beating high with hope. Five years of patient toil and research, of experiment and longing, ere there was any attempt at renewal. It was well for the world that the patience and perseverance of Cyrus W. Field, like that of Columbus, did not wear out while watching and working and waiting for the carrying out of his life's desire. Soon he was up and at



SECTIONS OF CABLE.

The larger section is of the shore end, showing protecting heavy outer wires. The smaller section is of the deep sea cable, showing central core, gutta-percha casing, and external wire covering.

work, infusing, by the example of his indomitable spirit, new life into the scheme. The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company was formed, which took all the old stock and £100,000 of the new. So that English shoulders bore the entire weight of the enterprise and solved the problem, How ?

It is not much wonder that England, the mother of nations, whose martial airs echo and re-echo around the globe, "should reach out her long arm to embrace her distant children." The new cable was to be as nearly perfect as human skill could make it. The great nerve was to be three times as large as the old one, the cable itself being lighter in proportion to its size, thus making it sink more slowly and lessening the strain. It took up so much space that the question of how to carry it caused some anxiety. The old cable had weighed down the two largest warships in the world. Where was the ship to carry this ? And now came to pass Mr. Brunel's prophecy.

The Great Eastern had been for ten years awaiting her mission. She was too large for ordinary purposes. But here was something for her to do. The one great effort that was to redeem all her former disasters. The directors secured her at once.

Three vessels were detailed to carry the cable to the Great East-

A BIT OF THE DEEP SEA CABLE.

ern, where it was distributed in three tanks in different parts of the ship. Coal enough for a fleet and provisioning sufficient for a small army were taken on board. Mr. W. H. Russell, LL.D., correspondent of The London Times in the Crimea and in India, with the artists, Messrs. Dudley and O'Neill, were engaged to furnish the press with all the happenings of the voyage. The English Government granted the two warships, Sphinx and Terrible as tenders. The expedition was English in every particular. Of the five hundred men on board the Great Eastern, there was but one American, and that was Mr. Field.

So, one midsummer's day, the great ship sailed down the Channel for the Irish coast. Here, landing the shore end, the expedition put to sea. But misfortune soon

overtook the cable. The testing-room was "like a sick chamber, where some royal patient lay trembling between life and death." Retracing their steps, they picked up the cable, to find that twice a piece of wire had been driven through the outer covering. This wonderful production of man's thought and skill was like unto the law of God in that it demanded absolute perfection.

The days went by. The valley where lay the bones of the old cable was passed, and Hope ruled king. Two days more brings

THE GREAT EASTERN.

shallow water, and then—! But alas, for human hopes! While Mr. Field was on watch he heard a rasping noise, and passed the message along, but it was not received until too late. Shortly after came a report of something wrong. They started at once to pick it up, but while doing it, the boat drifted over and chafed the cable so badly that it parted as they were raising it. Mr. Field, with trembling lips but composed air, told the tale, and immediately the crew were on deck, and there it lay, "the ragged end torn and bleeding, the other lying far down in its ocean grave."

The undaunted Canning proposed grappling for it. The instruments were brought forth. "The hooks with which the Giant Despair was going to a fish for a take worth, with all its belongings, more than a million." One splash and the big hook disappears, for two hours sinking deeper and deeper, till, striking the earth, it moves back and forth like a diver hunting for a treasure, searching for what was worth more to civilization than gold or silver or precious stones.

All night they toiled and caught nothing, but at early dawn the rope quivered, the cable was hooked, and the work of drawing it in was begun.

One hundred fathoms in—two hundred—five hundred—and—the iron swivel gives way. Back to its deep and rugged bed goes the cable, carrying with it nearly two miles of wire rope. Again and again they attempt it, each time seeming nearer victory, but the rope was too weak, the swivel would insist on breaking, and back into the slimy sea would fall the cable, as if annoyed at being repeatedly disturbed. The mechanics were kept busy mending and strengthening every break and joint. On deck the fire of the forge cast its lurid light over everything. The anvils sounded their metallic notes, while the sparks flew far and wide. "One might well pardon the passing mariner, whose bark drifted him

in the night across the track of the great ship, if, crossing himself and praying with shuddering lips, he fancied he beheld a phantom ship freighted with an evil crew, and ever after told how he had seen the workshop of the Inferno floating on the bosom of the ocean."

Nine days and nights, ever hoping for success and ever meeting with failure, the men worked on, and only when resources were exhausted—the cable itself never broke—was the ship turned for home. "Like a warrior retiring from the field of battle, not victorious nor yet defeated and despairing, but with her battle-flag still flying, and resolved once more to attempt the conquest of the sea." They had come so near victory that not a murmur was raised when it was proposed to try again. Affairs looked so hopeful that Mr. Field returned to his family, but the interest of his beloved cable called him hence in a short time, and the twenty-fourth of December found him again in London. There he found that the company had exceeded its limits in the issuing of its preferential stock, that the work had to be suspended, and the money paid back to the subscribers.

Again Mr. Field's wit helped them out. At his suggestion a new company was formed. Capital was raised, terms made and met, papers signed, and once more the machine was in motion. In addition to laying the new cable it was proposed to raise and complete the old one. They had four months in which to make 1,660 miles of cable, and it was done.

The Great Eastern was put in perfect trim. For grappling purposes, she carried a rope made to stand a strain of thirty tons. Was there ever such a fishing line! And an extra weight of 748 miles of old cable. All that human mind could conceive was done for the perfecting of the work and ensuring success. The two principal changes made in the cable was the doing away with the tar coating, and galvanizing the wires, so as to make it cleaner and to give it greater ductility and the keeping up of a continuous flow of current.

On the last day she glided from her moorings. While taking on an extra load of coal at Berehaven, the Wm. Corry sailed, with the shore end of the cable, round to the coast of Valentia. Nine years had come and gone since a former expedition had met and was cheered on its way by words of hope and prayer. Again men bowed before the Lord of earth and sea, to commend to His keeping their brethren who were about to sail forth over the trackless waste of waters.

The splice is to be made; the heart of the cable is laid bare, the nerves taken hold of, placed together, bound in swaddling clothes of gutta-percha, hempen rope, and strong iron wire, and the delicate operation is over. Electric tests find a perfect current, and the three ships, the Terrible, the Medway, and the Great Eastern

"Went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down."

The story of this final voyage is rather a dull chapter, from the monotony of success. Yet it was made extremely interesting on account of the daily bulletin. News of the Parliamentary debates, of the Stock Exchange, and from the field of battle, were daily received and discussed in the mess-room as eagerly as in London clubs.

A few days more—and shallow water. In the fog and rain of the last days the ships look like passing phantoms as they make their way, slowly but surely, through the ice floes, up the bay, till they reach the harbour of Heart's Content, which they find waving a silent welcome.

One of the last messages from the cable before the shore end was transferred to the Medway was : "It is a great work, a glory to our age and nation, and the men who have achieved it deserve to be honoured among the benefactors of the race."

How many people, even in this practical age, look upon Friday and the number thirteen as unlucky. Yet Columbus sailed forth on his voyage of discovery on a Friday, and, weeks afterward, on the same day, he reached this continent of ours. It was Friday, the thirteenth of July, that Cyrus Field and his gallant crew bade adieu to Britain's shores, and sailed for the Western haven, reaching it on the same day of the week, a fortnight later.

Finding the Gulf cable broken, Mr. Field made arrangements for a boat to run between two points with the mail, until it could be mended. He then sent the following message : "We arrived here, at Heart's Content, at nine o'clock this morning. All well. Thank God the cable is laid, and is in perfect working order."

Mr. Field was again famous ! As before, greetings passed between the Queen and the President. The globe was encircled. A message from beyond the Rockies, with one from far-away Egypt, was placed in Mr. Field's hand at the same time.

The Great Eastern's work, however, was not finished, and back to sea she sailed to fish for the sleeping cable of 1865. It was a more difficult task than was anticipated. Even with slow approaches and sure calculations, with two and three ships grappling at the same time, so as to lessen the strain, not till the thirteenth attempt was made did they rouse the sleeping beauty, and succeed in placing it in the electrician's hands.

It was found to be in perfect working order. So a splice was made, and the great ship faced once more for Heart's Content. There they found excitement running high. The harbour was crowded with boats, and as the sailors dragged the shore end of the old cable to land, they almost kissed it in their joy at its recovery. The story of the Atlantic cable is an almost constant repetition of disappointment, of struggle, and reverses, but ending in final victory. In Mr. Field's own words : "It has been a long, hard struggle, nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and of ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times, when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in the pelting rain, or on the decks of ships on dark and stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have accused myself of madness to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all the hopes of life, for what might be after all but a dream. I have seen my companions, one and another, falling by my side, and feared that I too might not live to see the end. And yet, one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered, and now, beyond all acknowledgments to men, is the feeling of gratitude to Almighty God."

Cyrus W. Field found it a thorny and uphill pathway that led to success, but toil and perseverance carried him to the summit. His castle in the air had become a reality, his iron monster "a living bond between severed portions of the human family thrilling with life."

At the present time, no less than ten cables stretch across the ocean's depths, while thirty-seven specially prepared ships are ever at work keeping the submarine telegraph lines of the world in order.

THE SCHOOL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

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I.

Evolution is the most vital and most hopeful principle yet revealed to human consciousness. Humanity climbs steadily towards clearer light, truer wisdom, and greater power. We marvel at the benighted condition of our grandfathers, but our own grandchildren will have still greater reason to pity us. As the race accumulates wisdom and power, it sweeps onward and upward with accelerated speed. As generation succeeds generation, the record stones of progress are planted more widely apart.

The educational revelations of the nineteenth century have been more important than those of all preceding centuries. Pestalozzi and Froebel gave the world new educational aims, and revealed all the educational principles that are now regarded as vital and fundamental; Barnard and Mann gave America's greatest contribution to civilization by the organization of free public schools supported and controlled by the State. Take away the results of the work of these four men, and there is little of value left in educational philosophy or practice.

The twentieth century will make a greater educational advance than has been made in the nineteenth century. This thought is not humiliating to us, it should increase our self-reverence as members of a progressively developing race. Our consciousness of the divinity in us is defined by the evolution of the race towards the Divine.

1. The schools of the twentieth century will be free. The nineteenth century schools are called free because attendance at them is free. The child will be free in the twentieth century school. Free growth is the only full growth. Subordination dwarfs the human soul at any stage of its development. There will be no truly free men till the children are made truly free. The coercive, mandatory, compulsory spirit will become but a shameful memory, when teachers aim to develop the divinity in the child instead of making their supreme purpose the restriction of its depravity. What weak, imitative, conventional, indefinite, unprogressive, dependent, servile men and women most schools have made of the beings who were originally created in God's own image! How much worse they would have been if they had been subject to school discipline during all their waking hours! How original, self-reliant, self-directing and progressive they might have been! How much of independence and helpfulness and executive tendency they had when they first went to school compared with what they had on leaving school! The schools should not be catacombs in which are buried the self-hood, the originality, and the executive tendency of childhood. Schools should be gardens in which each child grows to be its grandest, most complete self. The child can never become its real self so long as adulthood blights it and dwarfs it by daring to stand between it and God.

Liberty is the only sure basis for reverent co-operative obedience. Anarchy is not born of

freedom; it springs from coercion. It is a poisonous fungus that grows from the tree of blighted liberty. It grows rank and noisome from the sap that should have developed stately trunk, spreading branches, and rich foliage. Fungi come not on the tree of full, free growth, but where blight has brought decay and death. Conscious subordination secured by coercion blights and dwarfs individuality.

Divine law is often necessarily restrictive of wrong, but is lovingly restrictive. It is stimulating and growth-giving; never destructive. Coercion may repress evil; it never eradicates it. Coercion never made a child creative, and creative power is the central element of education. Coercion does more than restrict the power of the child; it corrupts its ideals. The common and unnatural dread of Divine authority arises from the degradation of human authority into unreasoning, unloving coercion.

The greatest improvement yet wrought by the new education is the altered attitude of adulthood toward childhood in disciplining it. The reformation of the coercive ideals of adulthood has only well begun, however. The twentieth century will complete the reform. When adulthood recognizes divinity in each child and learns that the highest function of training is to develop this divinity, not merely to restrict depravity, then will the schools become what Froebel aimed to make them : " Free Republics of Childhood."

The dominating elements in a child's life are love of freedom and productive activity. The unity of these elements is the only basis for true discipline. Spontaneity in productive self-activity develops active instead of passive obedience, co-operation instead of obstinacy and stubbornness, activity instead of inertness of character, energy instead of indolence, positiveness instead of negativeness, cheerfulness instead of dullness, independence instead of subserviency, and true liberty instead of anarchy.

2. Teachers will not try to dominate the interest of the child in the twentieth century school. The pupil's self-active interest is the only persistent propelling motive to intellectual effort. It alone makes man an independent agent capable of progressive upward and outward growth on original lines. It alone stimulates the mind to its most energetic activity for the accomplishment of definite purposes. Self-active interest is the natural desire for knowledge appropriate to the child's stage of evolution, acting with perfect freedom; it is the divinely implanted wonder power unchecked by restriction and undiminished by the substitution of the interests of others.

The development of self-active interest is the highest ideal of intellectual education. School methods in the past have substituted the teachers' suggestion for the child's spontaneous interest, and have thus rendered it unnecessary, if not impossible, for the pupil's own self-active interest to develop. Interest is naturally self-active, and it retains this quality in increasing power unless parents or teachers interfere with its spontaneity. " Every child brings with him into the world the natural disposition to see correctly." The most unfortunate children are those whose untrained nurses, untrained mothers, or untrained teachers, foolishly do for them what they should do for themselves, and point out to them the things they should see for themselves, or worse still, things they should not see at all at their stage of development. Mother and child should not always see the same things in their

environment. "See, darling," may prevent the development of the child's power to see independently. The child's own mind should decide its special interests.

Most parents and teachers make the mistake of assuming that they should not only present attractions to the child's mind, but also arouse and direct its attention. Whenever this is done by any agency except the child's own self-active interest, its power of giving attention is weakened. No two children should be attracted by exactly the same things or combinations of things during a walk in the country or in any other gallery of varied interests. The special selfhood of each child sees in the outer what corresponds to its developing inner life. The individual power to see in the outer that which is adapted to the development of the inner life at present most active is the arousing source of all true interest. When a teacher substitutes his own interests for those of the child, the child's interest is made responsive instead of self-active. Under such teaching the real life of interest dies, and teachers, after killing it, have in the past made energetic and often fruitless efforts to galvanize it into spasmodic responsive action. Allowing the motives of others to stimulate us to action is no more true interest than allowing other people's thoughts to run through our minds is true thinking. The responsive process in each case is prohibitory of the real self-active process which lies at the root of true growth.

The teacher of the twentieth century will multiply the conditions of interest. Whatever he can do to make the child's external environment correspond with its inner development, he will do carefully and actively. He will know that, if the conditions are appropriate, interest will always be self-active, and that only by its own activity can it develop power. Responsive interest never develops much intensity, energy, endurance or individuality.

When teachers complain that children are not interested in work, their statements are usually incorrect. It would be more accurate to say that the children are not interested in the teacher's work. Adulthood must not interfere so much with childhood.

3. The child will be trained to find most of its own problems in the twentieth century school. The child discovers its own problems before it goes to school. When it reaches the school its problems are showered upon it by the teacher. This difference in educative process is the chief reason for the rapid development of children before they go to school compared with their development afterwards. Before the twentieth century ends it will not be correct to define a school as a place in which self-active interest is checked, originality condemned, and brain development and co-ordination sacrificed to knowledge storing. If any one claims that such a definition is unfair to the nineteenth century school, let him consider carefully what the condition and character of a man would be if he had been kept in school during the whole of his waking hours till he was twenty-one years of age. It will not always remain true that the race shall receive its brain development and co-ordination and its individual character force chiefly outside of school. The schools of the coming days will not weaken minds by the processes of storing them.

The power of problem discovery is much more useful than the power of problem solution, both to the individual and the race. Problem discovery is much more educative than problem solution.

The child now comes to school from its sphere of independence in problem finding, and is at once set to work at problem solving alone. In every subject the teacher brings the questions and assigns the lessons. The essential unity between insight and accomplishment, between discovery and achievement, between originating and operating, between self-active interest and executive power, between seeing and doing, between problem recognition and problem explanation, is destroyed. The teacher does the important part of the work. The vital and interest producing part of the process of learning is not performed by the child, and so its interest is inevitably weakened. Day by day it becomes less interested, less positive and more negative. Its nature adapts itself to its new conditions. Its function in school is to solve problems and answer questions, and it soon learns to wait for its problems and questions.

By such teaching the child is made dependent on the teacher in the most essential department of its intellectual power. Every man should be a discoverer within his own sphere. Every man should possess independent power of discovery if his natural wonder power has been developed properly.

The race creeps where it should soar, because the child's natural power to discover new problems is not developed. The wonder power of childhood, which Mr. McChoakumchild proposed to destroy, is the source of greatest intellectual and spiritual evolution. We fail to reach our best individual growth and our highest fitness for aiding our fellows in their upward progress on account of our intellectual and spiritual blindness. We are surrounded by material problems, intellectual problems and spiritual problems which are never revealed to us, but which we might see and solve if our discovery power had been developed in the schools as assiduously as our mind storing was carried on. Greater power of problem discovery will lead to increased power of problem solution, and larger capacity and desire for mind storing.

4. Teachers in the twentieth century school will distinguish clearly between responsive activity and self-activity, between expression and self-expression. The neglect of selfhood and the warping of selfhood have been the greatest evils of school life in the past. Self-activity includes the motive as well as the activity. It must be originative as well as operative, or selfhood is not developed. Even kindergartners often fail to see the full meaning of Froebel's fundamental process of human growth, self-activity. The highest ideal of executive development given by any other educator is co-operative, productive activity on the part of each individual. Froebel's ideal is co-operative, productive, creative activity.

Each individual has three elements of power — originative power, directive power, and executive power; responsive activity does not demand the exercise of originative power at all, and develops directive power imperfectly. The central element of selfhood is originative power. A man's originative power constitutes his individuality. Originative power develops as all other powers develop, by full opportunity for free exercise. Froebel made self-activity the fundamental law of growth with the purpose of developing the complete selfhood of each individual. Unless the self of the individual is active the development is partial and defective in its most important element. There are yet few school processes

or methods that demand true self-activity. True self-activity includes the motive that impels to action as well as the resulting act. In every study, and especially in every operative study, the originative and directive powers should act with the operative powers. Education is defective in its most vital part, if originative power is not developed.

One of the commonest fallacies in the list of educational theories is, "expression leads to self-expression." Expression and self-expression are the results of two widely different intellectual operations. Self and expression should never be divorced. Expressive power has been trained, so far as it has been trained at all, independently. It has not been related to the selfhood of the child. The theory has been: Train the power of expression and the selfhood will in due time develop and be able to use the power of expression we have so thoughtfully provided for it. The amazing stupidity of this course has begun to reveal itself. To some the revelation of the folly of training expressive power and neglecting the selfhood that is to use it, came with such force that it led them to the other extreme, and they have propounded the maxim: "Develop the selfhood, and expression will take care of itself."

This theory is infinitely nearer the truth than the old one—the one still practised almost universally. It is true that clear, strong thoughts never lack expression. Henry Irving was right when he said: "If you are true to your individuality, and have great original thoughts, they will find their way to the hearts of others as surely as the upland waters burst their way to the sea." But it is also true that the schools should cultivate the powers of expression, and add as many new powers as possible. Every form of expression should be developed to its best limit by the schools; expression in visible form by construction, modelling, painting, drawing and writing, and expression by speech and music should receive fullest culture in the schools. To add new power of expression opens wider avenues for the expression of selfhood and thereby makes a greater selfhood possible. The supreme folly of teaching has been to attempt to cultivate the powers of expression and neglect the selfhood that has to use them. It is not wise in correcting this mistake to make another, by leaving developed selfhood without the best possible equipment of expressive power. Self and expression cannot be divorced without weakening both of them.

The revelation of the utter folly of training the powers of expression and neglecting to train the selfhood at the same time, has been almost entirely confined, however, to the forms of visible expression. There are many good schools in which writing, drawing, and other forms of visible expression are now used from the first as means of revealing selfhood, to enable the pupil to make his inner life outer, but in which the processes for developing the powers of oral expression are still as completely unrelated to selfhood as they were in the darkest days of preceding ages. The processes of culture of the powers of oral expression have undoubtedly improved, but still the dominant principle is the fallacy—"expression will lead to self-expression." The schools train in the interpretation and expression of the thoughts of others, in the vain hope that to express the thoughts of others in the language of the authors will give power to express orally in good form the original thought of selfhood. There can

be no greater fallacy. Actors have more power than any other class to interpret and express the deepest and highest thoughts of the greatest authors, but although they are accustomed to appearing before large audiences, very few of them have well developed powers of self-expression. Responding to the motives of others does not cultivate our own motive power; allowing the thoughts of others to run through our minds does not make us original thinkers; expressing the thoughts of others does not develop the power of self-expression.

Self-expression is infinitely more productive both in acquiring knowledge and in developing power than expression. The effort of self-expression defines the emotions, sentiments or thoughts, and language forms an objective representation or body for them. The inner life is co-ordinated and classified, emotion and thought are related, and propulsive power is developed by the process of conscious self-expression in any form —language, music, drawing, modelling, or construction. The aroused inner life is worse than wasted if it finds no means for expressing itself in outward form. It leaves in the mind a record for instinctiveness and confusion and a habit of inertness, of conceiving without bringing forth, of planning without producing.

Expression in which there is no selfhood leads to enfeeblement of character. The more fully expression is self-revelation the more it develops selfhood and the more it defines and classifies knowledge.

Self-activity arouses the only perfect interest and attention; it makes the mind aggressively active in regard to new knowledge, and therefore secures the most thorough apperception; it leads to the most complete correlation of the subjects of study; it develops selfhood, and reveals it to both teacher and pupil; it encourages self-faith and self-reverence by giving a consciousness of original, creative power; it makes productive work an expression of joyous gratitude; it is the elemental law of human growth.

5. Teachers will aim to develop distinct individuality in the twentieth century school. The schools have definitely aimed to make the children as much alike as possible. They should really be made as unlike as possible, so far as the freeing of their individuality from constraint tends to make them unlike. All true harmony results from the unity of dissimilarity. No two trees or flowers are exactly alike. It would be a pity to have them so. The higher the organization the greater the capacity for variation. Men should see truth from different standpoints, and transform insight into attainment with widely varied powers. Each new view of truth, when revealed by an undwarfed individuality, gives new form or tone to revealed truth. The schools have made mixed characters, part child and part teacher. They have developed self-consciousness which is paralyzing, instead of selfhood which is strengthening and invigorating. Very few children are allowed to be their real selves, and "live their souls straight out." Men have dreaded the depravity of the child so much that its divinity has not been allowed to grow. In attempting to restrict depravity the light of the divinity in the child has been shadowed, and lives of gloom and stagnation have resulted instead of lives of brightness and advancement.

The individuality of the child is the divinity in it, the element whose development should do most for the child and the world. The

highest duty of the school is to develop the conscious personality of the child. Real personality must be an element of strength. It should be the centre of a man's character. It should be his contribution to the general character of the race. Millions fail in life because they are never clearly conscious of their own personal power. Every individual failure retards the race. This is the true basis for the value of individuality. The revelation of the strength of selfhood as an element in the general strength of humanity leads to true self-reverence and self-faith. A man who has self-reverence and self-faith rarely fails. He uses the intellectual power he possesses. A man with moderate intellectual powers and well-developed self-faith usually accomplishes more for himself and humanity than the man who has great intellectual power but little self-faith. It is not possible to give all children great intellectual power, but it is possible for the school to make each child as it grows to maturity conscious of its own highest power, and to give it faith in itself because of its consciousness of that power.

True self-reverence and self-faith are the opposites to vanity and conceit. Self-reverence and self-faith are strengthening and ennobling. They are the elements in character that lead men to do and dare and struggle hopefully. He who is sure he cannot succeed has already failed. He who has a reverent consciousness of power in his own personality, and has gained the faith that springs from this consciousness, succeeds always. He does not wait for opportunities, he creates them; he is not forced to act by circumstances, but moulds circumstances and conditions.

So long as a child or man lacks respect for the product of his own best effort, his power does not increase rapidly even by use. Self-deprecation may neutralize the beneficent influence of activity or exercise of function. Therefore the development of individuality should be one of the main purposes of every teacher.

The growth of individual inner life by originative and directive self-activity is a vital law in education. Whatever there is of duty, of purity, of holy aspiration in the child's soul should be helped to grow. Soul-growth must be from within. Emerson was right in saying : " Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

THINGS THAT CANNOT FAIL.

When the anchors that faith has cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right ;
  That it is not good to lie ;
That love is better than spite,
  And a neighbour than a spy.

I know that passion needs
  The leash of sober mind ;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward will find ;

That the rulers must obey ;
  That the givers shall increase ;
That duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce tho' the fiends may fight,
  And long tho' the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
  Have the universe on their side.

—*Washington Gladden.*

THE WANDERING JEW AND HIS CONGENERS.*

BY ROBERT R. DOHERTY, PH.D.

To the student of history the fantastic legends of the Middle Ages open rich fields for investigation. Perhaps the strangest of such legends, and the most suggestive to the modern student of mediaeval Christianity, were those of the "Undying Ones"—men and women who, cursed for their crimes or blessed for their virtues, were lifted by God above the power of death. While "the great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change" they are supposed to lie in echoless caverns wrapped in unbroken slumber, or to luxuriate in distant insulated Edens, or, more marvellously still, to stride across the centuries, gazing solemnly on the mutations of time—themselves, alone of all that breathe, unchanged.

Unique in its weird grandeur, the story of the Wandering Jew won, for nearly six centuries, the unquestioning belief of Christendom; and even yet, though investigation long ago relegated it to the Cimmerian realm of myths, it continues to command the interest of the learned and the thoughtful.

HISTORY OF THE LEGEND.

In the year 1228, while the devotees of Europe were flocking eastward in thousands to atone for their sins by penance and prayer amid the sacred scenes of Jerusalem, a certain Archbishop of Armenia made a pilgrimage in an opposite direction, and visited the shrine of "S. Tumas de Kantorbire"—for so the English Canterbury was spelled—and other holy places of the west. Among other "strange things concerning eastern countries" communicated by this prelate and the members of his retinue, was an account of the manner of life of the Wandering Jew. According to this narration, Pilate had for the porter of his hall one Cartaphilus, who, when our Lord was dragged forth from the governor's palace to be crucified, impiously struck him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery, "Quicker, Jesus, quicker! why do you loiter?" Jesus looked at him, as he had done on Peter, and with severe countenance said, "I am going, but thou shalt wait till I return"—"and according as our Lord said, this Cartaphilus is still awaiting his return." He was then thirty years of age, and although he grew to be a centenarian, he "returned again to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered," and so has done every hundred years since.

He heard the cry from the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and as a sincere penitent sought and found salvation. He was christened Joseph, the baptismal rite being performed by Ananias, who afterward baptized the Apostle Paul.

"This Joseph," said Henri Spigurnal, one of the knights in attendance on the Armenian prelate, "often ate at the table of my lord the archbishop in Armenia. He is a man of holy conversation; and very religious; a man of few words, and circumspect in his behaviour; for he does not speak at all unless when questioned by the

* "The Wandering Jew." By Moncure Daniel Conway, author of "Demonology and Devil-Lore." New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.

"Curious Myths of the Middle Ages." By S. Baring-Gould, M.A., author of "Post-Mediæval Preachers," etc. (Revised edition.) London: Rivingtons. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

bishops and religious men, and then he tells of the events of old times, and of the events which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection, namely, those who rose with Christ and went into the holy city, and appeared unto men. And all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation, as one who is well practiced in sorrow and in the fear of God, always looking forward with fear to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the Last Judgment he should find Him in anger whom, when on His way to death, He had provoked to just vengeance." Though many gifts were offered to him, Joseph declined to receive them, and shunned observation, though thousands came from the four quarters of the earth to enjoy his society and conversation.

For nearly three hundred years after this legend was penned, European writers make no mention of the Jew. But in 1505 an aged man claiming to be Cartaphilus appeared in Bohemia; and it was asserted that he assisted a weaver named Kokot to recover valuables which his great-grandfather had hidden sixty years before.

The next account was published in 1613. It gives another name to the Jew, and a quite different description of the events which led to his curse. It is so full in detail, and is supported by such a body of evidence, that there is hardly room for doubt that during the latter half of the sixteenth century there appeared a man—perhaps more than one—who with great skill personated the hapless wanderer. Chrysostomus Dudduloeus Westphalus is the author's name or pseudonym, and his narrative begins as follows :

Paulus von Eizen, doctor and Bishop of Schleswig, related to me, some years ago, that at the time he was studying at Wittenberg, while on a visit to his parents at Hamburg, in 1547, he had seen in church, placed near the chancel, a very tall man, with hair falling on his shoulders, barefoot, who listened to the sermon with great attention ; and whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, bowed humbly, smote his breast, and sighed. He had no other clothing in the bitter cold of the winter, except a pair of hose, which were in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached to his feet ; and his general appearance was that of a man of fifty years.

When the sermon was finished the "aforementioned doctor" sought out the stranger, and asked him how long he had lived in the neighbourhood. He answered with frankness and modesty. His name was Ahasuerus; he was a native of Jerusalem, of Jewish parentage, and a shoemaker by trade. He had been present at the crucifixion of Christ, had lived through the intervening centuries, and been an eye-witness of many famous historic events. There was hardly on the face of the earth a country or city he had not visited. He was especially graphic in his description of the last hours of Christ, and gave a minute account of the "life, sufferings, and death of the holy apostles." "He told even more than we know through the evangelists and historians; and he narrated the many changes of government, especially in Eastern countries, which had occurred at one time or another during those many centuries." This narration very naturally excited "Doctor Paulus v. Eizen's great interest and astonishment," and in the presence of the learned school-inspector of Hamburg he put the man through a rigid cross-examination.

Ahasuerus averred that he with many others had regarded Christ as a heretic and a deceiver of the people. When sentence was pronounced upon our Lord by Pilate, he ran homeward, and summoned

his family to the door that they might see this impostor, who was shortly to be dragged past on His way to Calvary. With his infant child seated on his arm, he stood, while the soldiers passed, with Christ in their midst, staggering under the weight of a heavy cross. Jesus stopped for a moment and leaned His cross against the wall. But the shoemaker, "full of sudden anger and also desirous of public applause," gruffly ordered Him on. Jesus responded, "I will stand and rest, but thou shalt move on till the last day." At once Ahasuerus "felt within him that he could stay there no longer;" he set down his child, followed Jesus to His crucifixion, and never again saw wife or children. When he returned to Jerusalem "not one stone was left upon another, nor was any trace of its former magnificence visible."

Duduloeus speaks at length of the silence and reserve of the Jew's manner; of his sobriety and voluntary poverty; of his ability to speak each European language with the skill of a native; and of his "eternal hurry"—never continuing long in one place. He "could not endure to hear curses, but whenever he heard any one swear by God's death or pains he waxed indignant, and exclaimed with vehemence and with sighs: Wretched man and miserable creature, thus to misuse the name of thy Lord and God, and his bitter sufferings and passion! Hadst thou seen, as I have, how heavy and bitter were the pangs and wounds of thy Lord, endured for thee and for me, thou wouldst rather undergo great pains thyself than thus take His sacred name in vain."

From about this date notices of the Wandering Jew become frequent, the details of his history agreeing in the main with one or other of the forms of the myth already given. In 1644, the "Turkish Spy," writing from Paris to a friend in the Orient, gives the most graphic of all the descriptions of the fabulous hero. According to this account his name was Michob Ader, and he was "Usher of the Divan (the Jews call it the Court of Judgment) in Jerusalem" when Christ was condemned. He had seen Jesus hang on the cross; had often been in the company of Mohammed "at Ormus in Persia;" was in Rome when Nero set fire to the city and stood triumphing on the top of a hill to behold the flames; heard Vespasian lament the destruction of Solomon's Temple; saw Saladin's return from his conquests in the East; was the intimate friend of Godfrey de Bouillon, Scanderbeg, Bajazet, Tamerlane, and Soliman the Magnificent; and told "many remarkable passages" concerning these famous men "whereof our histories are silent." "By his looks one would take him for a relic of the old world, or one of the long-lived fathers before the Flood.* To speak modestly, he may pass for the younger brother of Time."

Several similar accounts were published during the seventeenth century in both Germany and France—Mr. Conway enumerates nineteen; but the legend made

* By both pen and pencil the Wanderer has been usually represented as venerable and majestic in person, although sometimes attired in rags. His hair and beard are said to have been long and very white. On his brow was a blood-red cross marked by the finger of God. The Inquisition sought to secure him by this sign; but he concealed it by a black bandage. The early pictures give him "a handsome and melancholy countenance." An anonymous German work of the seventeenth century describes him as being clad after the manner of the ancient Romans; but usually he appears in shabby clothes of antiquated German fashion. Dr. von Eizen's description reminds one of the typical American tramp. In Doré's spirited designs the mediæval conception is vividly reproduced.

slower progress in England, and "'seems hardly to have been known in Spain, and but little in Italy, at an early date." A number of works were published about the same time also, confuting the story, and showing that "in the nature of things" the Immortal Jew never could have existed. But the impostor or impostors who had already personified him, doubtless to their own great pecuniary advantage, were not willing to allow the popular interest in the story to die. Traces of the progress of vagabonds of various attainments and skill, claiming to be either Ahasuerus or Cartaphilus, are found in the current records of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. But increasing intelligence threw the legend into disfavour; and perhaps the last impostor of this sort who met with any considerable success dwelt in Newcastle, England, during the latter half of the last century.

THE WANDERING JEW IN LITERATURE.

Just when the Wandering Jew disappears from active life, he reappears in the realm of fancy—not now, however, as the hero of a legend in harmony with the current religious feeling, but as the favourite subject for the pencil of the painter and the pens of the romancer and the poet. Each author interprets the myth according to his own standard, and a comparison of their various interpretations forms one of the most interesting episodes of Mr. Conway's volume.

Twenty-four authors are mentioned who have made the Wanderer the hero of novel and song, including Goethe, Hans Andersen, Eugene Sue, William Godwin, Rev. George Croly, Shelley, and Wordsworth. Sometimes he appears as the typical victim of the "Judenhetze"—the undying hatred of the Jewish race—which gave to mediaeval history some of its darkest stains, and which to-day appears as rampant and unscrupulous as ever in Russia and Germany. Croly's Salathiel is a truly splendid production. Sue's "Juif Errant" would be improved by striking out all allusion to the Jew and Jewess, who seem to be dragged in to justify the use of the attractive title.

INTERPRETATIONS OF THE LEGEND.

The opinions of the more thoughtful writers on mediaeval mythology concerning the meaning of this legend vary as greatly as do the conceptions of poets and novelists. The works whose titles have been placed at the beginning of this article represent the two extremes of thought—ultra-ecclesiasticism and infidelity.

Mr. Baring-Gould seems to cherish timidly a belief that the legend contains an element of truth, although he admits that "the historical evidence on which the tale rests is too slender for us to admit for it more than the barest claim to be more than a myth." Mr. Conway claims that this legend and kindred tales had their origin probably in the longing of the human soul for eternal life. A natural unwillingness to acknowledge the death of the great leaders of history, led men first to fable an earthly immortality for them, and, when that fiction exploded, to transfer their undying existence to a heavenly world. The Christians' paradise, whose glories John saw in apocalpytic vision, is thus merely the more ancient Gan-Eden, Avalon, Hesperides, or Atlantis, raised to the "rosy cloudlands" that evade scientific exploration. It is not easy to state precisely what theory of interpretation Mr. Conway favours. He regards the Wan-

derer as a type of the homeless, unchanging Jewish race.

KINDRED MYTHS.

There are but two classes of earthly immortals known to any mythology—Sleepers and Wanderers. Nearly every nation has had its patron saint or hero, who is not dead but sleepeth; and who in the hour of calamity will surely arise to maintain the ancient liberties of his native land, and spread consternation among its foes. The mythical Arthur of Britain proved himself invulnerable to every stroke, until the treachery of his wife and dearest friend overwhelmed him in ruin. But even then he did not die; his wounded form was ferried by three mystic queens to

"The island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

And the old monkish chroniclers tell of his occasional appearance and of his certain return in the future. So Charlemagne, William Tell, Boabdil, Sebastian, Frederick Barbarossa, and many other redoubtable warriors, await in silence the angelic call to lead their armies again to victory. During the Middle Ages the common people of England, with characteristic pertinacity, refused to believe the reported death of several of their favourite princes, and treasure and life were readily expended in the cause of worthless adventurers who personated the departed heroes. No sworn testimony could persuade the yeomen of Somerset that the dashing Duke of Monmouth really perished on the scaffold in 1685. And even now, it is said, there are hundreds of the French peasantry who sturdily deny the death of Napoleon the Third.

It is not strange, then, that in "times of ignorance" quaint stories of the perpetuated life of great and good men should find ready credence. Merlin, the wondrous mage, was fabled by the Celts to be forever inclosed in a hawthorn bush, bound by his own weird spell. Early in the Christian era it was reported that Saint John the Evangelist had not seen death, in accordance with the words of the Saviour, "If I will that he tarry till I come . ." Pilgrims flocked to Ephesus, where, according to Sir John Maundeville, "dyede Seynte Johne and was buryed behynde the highe Awtiere, in a Toumbe." It was currently reported in Europe that the earth above him heaved perceptibly as he breathed heavily in deep slumber. "And zee shulle undrestonde," continues the quaint old traveller, in what was good English five hundred years ago, "that Seynte Johne leet make his Grave there in his Lyfe, and leyd him self there inne alle quyk. And therefore somme Men seyn, that he dyed noughte, but that he restethe there till ten Day of Doom. And forsothe there is a gret Marveyle: For Men may see there the Erth of the Tombe apertly many tymes steren and meven, as there weren quykke thinges undre."

The beautiful legends of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and of the reverie of the monk Felix, past whom two centuries slipped while he stood entranced by the singing of a nightingale, have always been dear to the popular heart. Somewhat similar are the tales of Don Fernando's mysterious voyage, and of Rip Van Winkle's sleep; but they have not the warm religious glow and sweet poetic freshness of the older legends. The Sleeping Beauty of the Wood, unconsciously awaiting the advent of her prince, before the might of whose affection the impenetrable

forest opens into fair umbrageous avenues, and whose tender kiss breaks the enchantment, and sends thrills of life and love through all her being, is perhaps the most charming of these earthly immortals. In melancholy contrast to this fanciful idyll is the classic story of Tithonus, whose boon of immortality was changed into a curse by the infirmities of age. There is no great mystery about the origin of such tales as these. They are the products of the same antecedents and conditions as the perpetual Wanderers, although the modes of evolution may be different.

One of the most ancient of Jewish traditions is that of the beautiful but venomous Lilis, or Lilith, Adam's first spouse. Before the creation of Eve she lived in the garden of Eden—a sort of phantom woman, lovely in face and graceful in form, but malicious and cruel at heart. She revenged her husband's desertion of her by remorseless hostility to his descendants. Always in the bloom of youth, she travels to the remotest quarters of the earth, strangling children, kidnapping brides, maligning mothers, and luring men into crime. Our nursery word "Lullaby" is said to be a corruption of "Lilla, abi"—"Begone, Lilis !"

Widely different in all its characteristics is the mediaeval legend of the Wild Huntsman, forever driving on his aerial chase, and forever pursued by Satan. In the days of the incarnation, it is said that he forbade our Lord to quench His thirst at a river, telling Him with a sneer that He might drink from a horse-pond. As a punishment he was condemned to an eternal gallop and a bootless hunt. The strange nightly noises heard in the Black Forest are said by the German peasantry to be produced by the neighing of his steed, the barking of his dogs, and the winding of his horn.

Near of kin to the Wild Huntsman is the Flying Dutchman. In the time of early exploration, when it seemed within the easy range of possibility for any sea-captain to discover, almost any day, a Peru or an Eldorado, old Van der Decken swore madly that his ship should round the Cape, "in spite of God or devil, if it took till Judgment-day." He is sailing yet through Southern seas, propelled by supernatural force, unchecked by wind or current; and he must forever sail unless some pure and compassionate maiden voluntarily shares his sorrows and his penance. For her sake he shall be forgiven.

But even his doom is hardly so bitter as that of Herodias, who is perpetually whirled about far above spires and tree-tops, and can only rest from midnight till cock-crow. According to the legend, she cherished an unrequited passion for John the Baptist. Her anger secured his decapitation, but when his noble head was brought in upon the charger her love impelled her to kiss it. A contemptuous puff from the defunct prophet's lips sent her whirling through the doorway, and for nearly nineteen hundred years she has incessantly gyrated.

But the most realistic of all, and perhaps the most awful creation of the human imagination, is the legend of the Wandering Jew. Flying in despair from the home of his youth, stung by his Saviour's curse; kneeling penitently to receive the waters of baptism at the hand of Ananias; a weary witness of the downfall of Jerusalem, of the decay of Rome, of the squalor, the glory, the universal turmoil, of the Dark Ages —we can imagine the old man still trudging on his lonely way, ob-

livious to the changes of more modern times, unaffected by "the march of progress;" still trudging, while one by one we are carried to our graves; still trudging, through all the future centuries, till at last, as depicted by the prophetic pencil of Dore, he puts off his shoes on the eve of the Judgment, and hails with glad smiles the dissolution of a senile world.

A portly volume might be filled with ingenious explanations of the moral teachings found in these legends by zealous antiquaries. This digging for recondite symbolism in fancies which actually sprang spontaneously from the teeming soil of ignorance, has been greatly overdone. To the instinctive belief in immortality—a prolonged earthly existence, as at first conceived—we owe the whole family of myths under consideration. And when we remember the dark sayings" of our Lord which may have seemed at first hearing to imply earthly immortality for some of his hearers, much of the mystery that befogs the origin of our legend is dissipated. The tendency of the imagination which has produced enchanted Merlins and Sleeping Beauties, Wild Huntsmen and Flying Dutchmen, is surely sufficient to bring forth from the climactic hour of Hebrew history the weird, portentous figure of the Wandering Jew.

But if a moral must needs be appended to these wild tales of immortal Wanderers, perhaps we shall not err greatly if we regard them as personifications of the great mental and ethical traits that have characterized humanity through all ages. Earth's generations come and go

> "As shadows cast by cloud and sun
> Flit o'er the summer grass."

Countless are their numbers and endless their individual variety; but sooner or later all are drowned in the "flood of years." But Conscious Guilt, and Malevolent Vengeance, and Passionate Love, stalk over the earth like undying personalities, at home in every age and clime, if not in every heart.—Methodist Review.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

My Shepherd hath abundant power
Every desire to satisfy;
And naught that to my welfare tends
Will He deny.

But if all earthly days were bright,
And smooth and flower-strewn all my way,
I might 'mid this world's pleasures be
Content to stay;—

And He would have my spirit long
For what is holiest and best;
So up a rugged slope I toil
To reach my rest.

But though all rough and bare the road
O'er which He bids me follow now,
His fertile fields are just beyond
The mountain's brow;

Toronto.

And though my path I cannot see,
For mists that thick across it lie—
Yet kindly word and helpful touch
Bespeak Him nigh.

Then fearless I the steep may climb,
Since He doth tread it all before;
The long ascent will soon be past,
The darkness o'er;—

And when I gain my resting-place,
Amid the meadows emerald fair;
No single step shall I regret
That tended there.

For *all* the way by which He led
Grateful I'll thank my Shepherd-Guide—
When, in His heavenly pastures, I
Am satisfied.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

When the meeting closed, there was no special interest shown. The people rapidly melted away from the tent, and the saloons, which had been experiencing a dull season while the meetings progressed, again drove a thriving trade. The Rectangle, as if to make up for lost time, started in with vigour on its usual night-life of debauch. Henry Maxwell and his little party, including Virginia, Rachel, and Jasper Chase, walked down past the row of saloons and dens, until they reached the corner where the cars passed.

"This is a terrible spot," said Henry Maxwell, as they stood waiting for their car. "I never realized that Raymond had such a festering sore. It does not seem possible that this is a city full of Christian disciples."

He paused and then continued: "Do you think any one can ever remove this great curse of the saloon? Why don't we all act together against the traffic? What would Jesus do? Would He keep silent? Would He vote to license these causes of crime and death?

Henry Maxwell was talking to himself more than to the others. He remembered that he had always voted for license, and so had nearly all of his church members. What would Jesus do? Could he answer that question? Would Jesus preach and act against the saloon, if He lived to-day? How would He preach and act? Suppose it was not popular to preach against license. Suppose the Christian people thought it was all that could be done, to license the evil, and so get revenue from a necessary sin? Or suppose the church members owned property where the saloons stood—what then? He knew that these were the facts in Raymond. What would Jesus do?

He went up into his study, the next morning, with that question only partly answered. He thought of it all day. He was still thinking of it, and reaching certain real conclusions, when The Evening News came out. His wife brought it up, and sat down a few minutes while he read it to her.

The Evening News was at present the most sensational paper in Raymond. That is to say, it was being edited in such a remarkable fashion that its subscribers had never been so excited over a newspaper before.

First, they had noticed the absence of the prize fight, and gradually it began to dawn upon them, that The News no longer printed accounts of crime with detailed descriptions, or scandals in private life. Then they noticed that the advertisements of liquor and tobacco were being dropped, together with certain other advertisements of a questionable character. The discontinuance of the Sunday paper caused the greatest comment of all, and now the character of the editorials was creating the greatest excitement. A quotation from the Monday paper of this week will show what Edward Norman was doing to keep his promise. The editorial was headed,

THE MORAL SIDE OF POLITICAL QUESTIONS.

The editor of The News has always

advocated the principles of the great political party at present in power, and has therefore, discussed all political questions from a standpoint of expediency, or of belief in the party, as opposed to other organizations. Hereafter, to be perfectly honest with all our readers, the editor will present and discuss political questions from the standpoint of right and wrong. In other words, the first question will not be, "Is it in the interest of our party?" or "Is it according to the principles laid down by the party?" but the question first asked will be, "Is this measure in accordance with the spirit and teachings of Jesus, as the author of the greatest standard of life known to men?" That is, to be perfectly plain, the moral side of every political question will be considered its most important side, and the ground will be distinctly taken that nations, as well as individuals, are under the same law, to do all things to the glory of God, as the first rule of action.

There had been more of this; but we have quoted enough to show the character of the editorials. Hundreds of men in Raymond had read it, and rubbed their eyes in amazement. A good many of them had promptly written to The News, telling the editor to stop their paper. The paper still came out, however, and was eagerly read all over the city. At the end of the week, Edward Norman knew very well that he had actually lost already a large number of valuable subscribers. He faced the conditions calmly, although Clark, the managing editor, grimly anticipated ultimate bankruptcy, especially since Monday's editorial.

To-night, as Henry Maxwell read to his wife, he could see on almost every column evidences of Norman's conscientious obedience to his promise. There was an absence of slangy, sensational scareheads. The reading matter under the head lines was in perfect keeping with them. He noticed in two columns that the reporters' names appeared, signed, at the bottom. And there was a distinct advance in the dignity and style of their contributions.

"So Norman is beginning to get his reporters to sign their work. He has talked with me about that. It is a good thing. It fixes responsibility for items where it belongs, and raises the standard of work done. A good thing all around, for public and writers."

Henry Maxwell suddenly paused. His wife looked up from some work she was doing. He was reading something with the utmost interest.

"Listen to this, Mary," he said after a moment, while his voice trembled:

This morning Alexander Powers, superintendent of the L. and T. R. R. shops in this city, handed his resignation to the road, and gave as the reason the fact that certain proof had fallen into his hands of the violation of the Interstate Commerce Law, and also of the State Law which has recently been framed to prevent and punish railroad pooling for the benefit of certain favoured shippers. Mr. Powers states in his resignation that he can no longer consistently withhold the information he possesses against the road. He has placed his evidence against the company in the hands of the Commission, and it is now for them to take action upon it.

The News wishes to express itself on this action of Mr. Powers. In the first place, he has nothing to gain by it. He has lost a valuable place, voluntarily, when, by keeping silence, he might have retained it. In the second place, we believe his action ought to receive the approval of all thoughtful, honest citizens, who believe in seeing law obeyed and law-breakers brought to justice. In a case like this, where evidence against a railroad company is generally understood to be almost impossible to obtain, it is the general belief that the officers of the road are often in possession of criminating facts, but do not consider it to be any of their business to inform the authorities that the law is being defied. The entire result of this evasion of responsibility on the part of those who are responsible, is demoralizing to every young man connected with the road.

Mr. Powers will be misunderstood and misrepresented; but there is no question that his course will be approved by every citizen who wishes to see the greatest corporations, as well as the weakest indi-

vidual, subject to the same law. Mr. Powers has done all that a loyal, patriotic citizen could do. It now remains for the Commission to act upon his evidence, which, we understand, is overwhelming proof of the lawlessness of the L. and T. Let the law be enforced, no matter who the persons may be who have been guilty.

Henry Maxwell finished reading and dropped the paper.

"I must go and see Powers. This is the result of his promise."

He rose, and as he was going out, his wife said,

"Do you think, Henry, that Jesus would have done that?"

Henry Maxwell paused a moment. Then he answered slowly,

"Yes, I think He would. At any rate, Powers has decided so, and each one of us who made the promise understands that he is not deciding Jesus' conduct for any one else, only for himself."

"How about his family? How will Mrs. Powers and Celia be likely to take it?"

"Very hard, I have no doubt. That will be Powers' cross in this matter. They will not understand his motive."

Henry Maxwell went out and walked over to the next block, where the superintendent lived. To his relief, Powers himself came to the door.

The two men shook hands silently. They instantly understood each other, without words. There had never been such a bond of union between the minister and his parishioner.

"What are you going to do?" Henry Maxwell asked, after they had talked over the facts in the case.

"You mean another position? I have no plans yet. I can go back to my old work as a telegraph operator. My family will not suffer except in a social way."

Alexander Powers spoke calmly, if sadly. Henry Maxwell did not need to ask him how his wife and daughter felt. He knew well enough that the superintendent had suffered deepest at that point.

"There is one matter I wish you would see to," said Powers after a while, "and that is the work begun at the shops. So far as I know, the company will not object to that going right on. Of course, it is understood that it pays a railroad to have in its employ men who are temperate, and honest, and Christian. So I have no doubt the master mechanic will have the same courtesy extended to him that I had, in the matter of the room and its uses. But what I want you to do, Mr. Maxwell, is to see that my plan is carried out. Will you? You understand what the idea was in general. You made a very favourable impression on the men. Go down there as often as you can. Get Milton Wright interested to provide something for the furnishing and expense of the coffee plant and reading tables. Will you do it?"

"Yes," replied Henry Maxwell. He stayed a little longer. Before he went away, he and the superintendent had a prayer together, and they parted with that silent handgrasp that seemed to them like a new token of their Christian discipleship and fellowship.

The pastor of the First Church went home stirred deeply by the events of the week. Gradually the truth was growing upon him that the pledge to do as Jesus would was working out a revolution in his parish and throughout the city. Every day added to the serious results of obedience to that pledge. Henry Maxwell did not pretend to see the end. He was, in fact, only now at the very beginning of events that were destined to change the history of hundreds of families, not only in Raymond but throughout the entire country. As he thought of Edward Norman and Rachel and

Mr. Powers, and of the results that had already come from their actions, he could not help a feeling of intense interest in the probable effect, if all the persons in the First Church who had made the pledge, faithfully kept it. Would they all keep it, or would some of them turn back when the cross became too heavy ?

He was asking this question the next morning, as he sat in his study, when the President of the Endeavour Society called to see him.

"I suppose I ought not to trouble you with my case," said young Morris, coming at once to his errand, "but I thought, Mr. Maxwell, that you might advise me a little."

"I'm glad you came. Go on, Fred." Henry Maxwell had known the young man ever since his first year in the pastorate, and loved and honoured him for his consistent, faithful service in the church.

"Well, the fact is, I'm out of a job. You know I've been doing reporter work on the morning Sentinel since I graduated last year. Well, last Saturday Mr. Burr asked me to go down the road Sunday morning and get the details of that train robbery at the Junction, and write the thing up for the extra edition that came out Monday morning, just to get the start of The News. I declined to go, and Burr gave me my dismissal. He was in a bad temper, or I think perhaps he would not have done it. He has always treated me well before. Now, don't you think that Jesus would have done as I did ? I ask because the other fellows say I was a fool not to do the work. I want to feel that a Christian acts from motives that may seem strange to others, sometimes, but not foolish. What do you think ?"

"I think you kept your promise, Fred. I cannot believe Jesus would do newspaper work on Sunday as you were asked to do it."

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell, I felt a little troubled over it, but the longer I think it over the better I feel."

Morris rose to go, and Henry Maxwell rose and laid a loving hand on the young man's shoulder.

"What are you going to do, Fred ?"

"I don't know yet. I have thought some of going to Chicago, or some large city."

"Why don't you try The News?"

"They are all supplied. I have not thought of applying there."

Henry Maxwell thought a moment.

"Come down to The News office with me, and let us see Norman about it."

So, a few minutes later, Edward Norman received into his room the minister and young Morris, and Henry Maxwell briefly told the cause of their errand.

"I can give you a place on The News," said Edward Norman, with his keen look softened by a smile that made it winsome. "I want reporters who won't work Sundays. And what is more, I am making plans for a special kind of reporting which I believe young Morris here can develop because he is in sympathy with what Jesus would do."

He assigned Morris a definite task, and Henry Maxwell started back to his study, feeling that kind of satisfaction (and it is a very deep kind) which a man feels when he has been even partly instrumental in finding an unemployed person a situation.

He had intended to go back to his study, but on his way home he passed by one of Milton Wright's stores. He thought he would simply step in and shake hands with his parishioner and bid him God-speed in what he had heard he

was doing to put Christ into his business. But when he went into the office, Milton Wright insisted on detaining him to talk over some of his new plans. Henry Maxwell asked himself if this was the Milton Wright he used to know, eminently practical, business-like, according to the regular code of the business world, and viewing everything first and foremost from the standpoint of "Will it pay?"

"There is no use to disguise the fact, Mr. Maxwell, that I have been compelled to revolutionize the whole method of my business since I made that promise. I have been doing a great many things, during the last twenty years in this store, that I know Jesus would not do. But that is a small item compared with the number of things I begin to believe Jesus would do. My sins of commission have not been as many as those of omission in business relations."

"What was the first change you made?" asked Henry Maxwell. He felt as if his sermon could wait for him in his study. As the interview with Milton Wright continued, he was not so sure but that he had found material for a sermon without going back to his study.

"I think the first change I had to make was in my thought of my employees. I came down here Monday morning after that Sunday and asked myself, 'What would Jesus do in His relation to these clerks, book-keepers, office boys, draymen, salesmen? Would He try to establish some sort of personal relation to them different from that which I have sustained all these years? I soon answered the question by saying, Yes. Then came the question of what it would lead me to do. I did not see how I could answer it to my satisfaction without getting all my employees together and having a talk with them. So I sent invitations to all of them, and we had a meeting out here in the warehouse Tuesday night.

"A good many things came out of that meeting. I can't tell you all. I tried to talk with the men as I imagined Jesus might. It was hard work, for I have not been in the habit of it, and I must have made mistakes. But I can hardly make you believe, Mr. Maxwell, the effect of that meeting on some of the men. Before it closed, I saw more than a dozen of them with tears on their faces. I kept asking, 'What would Jesus do?' and the more I asked it, the farther along it pushed me into the most intimate and loving relations with the men who have worked for me all these years. Every day something new is coming up, and I am right now in the midst of a reconstructing of the entire business, so far as its motive for being conducted is concerned. I am so practically ignorant of all plans for co-operation and its application to business that I am trying to get information from every possible source. I have lately made a special study of the life of Titus Salt, the great mill owner of Bradford, England, who afterwards built that model town on the banks of the Aire. There is a good deal in his plans that will help. But I have not yet reached definite conclusions in regard to all the details. I am not enough used to Jesus' methods. But see here."

Milton eagerly reached up into one of the pigeon holes of his desk and took out a paper.

"I have sketched out what seems to me a programme such as Jesus might go by in a business like mine. I want you to tell me what you think about it."

WHAT JESUS WOULD PROBABLY DO IN MILTON WRIGHT'S PLACE AS A BUSINESS MAN.

1. He would engage in business for the purpose of glorifying God, and not for the primary purpose of making money.

2. All money that might be made he would never regard as his own, but as trust funds to be used for the good of humanity.

3. His relations with all the persons in his employ would be the most loving and helpful. He could not help thinking of them all in the light of souls to be saved. This thought would always be greater than his thought of making money in business.

4. He would never do a single dishonest or questionable thing, or try in any remotest way to get the advantage of any else in the same business.

5. The principle of unselfishness and helpfulness in all the details of the business would direct its details.

6. Upon this principle he would shape the entire plan of his relations to his employees, to the people who were his customers, and to the general business world with which he was connected.

Henry Maxwell read this over slowly. It reminded him of his own attempts, the day before, to put into a concrete form his thought of Jesus' probable action. He was very thoughtful, as he looked up and met Milton Wright's eager gaze.

"Do you believe you can continue to make your business pay on those lines?"

"I do. Intelligent unselfishness ought to be wiser than intelligent selfishness, don't you think? If the men who work as employees begin to feel a personal share in the profits of the business and, more than that, a personal love for themselves on the part of the firm, won't the result be more care, less waste, more diligence, more faithfulness?"

"Yes, I think so. A good many other business men don't, do they? I mean as a general thing. How about your relations to the selfish world that is not trying to make money on Christian principles?"

"That complicates my action, of course."

"Does your plan contemplate what is coming to be known as co-operation?"

"Yes, as far as I have gone, it does. As I told you, I am studying out my details carefully. I am absolutely convinced that Jesus in my place would be absolutely unselfish. He would love all these men in His employ. He would consider the main purpose of all the business to be a mutual helpfulness, and would conduct it all so that God's kingdom would be evidently the first object sought. On those general principles, as I say, I am working. I must have time to complete the details."

When Henry Maxwell finally left Milton Wright, he was profoundly impressed with the revolution that was being wrought already in the business. As he passed out of the store he caught something of the new spirit of the place. There was no mistaking the fact that Milton Wright's new relations to his employees were beginning, even so soon, after less than two weeks, to transform the entire business. This was apparent in the conduct and faces of the clerks.

"If Milton Wright keeps on, he will be one of the most influential preachers in Raymond," said Henry Maxwell to himself, when he reached his study. The question rose as to his continuance in this course when he began to lose money by it, as was possible. Henry Maxwell prayed that the Holy Spirit, who had shown himself with growing power in the company of the First Church disciples, might abide long with them all. And with that prayer on his lips and in his heart, he began the preparation of a sermon in which he was going to present to his people on Sunday the subject of the saloon in Raymond, as he now believed Jesus would do. He had never preached against the saloon in this way before. He knew that the things he should say would lead to serious results. Nevertheless he went on with his work, and

every sentence he wrote or shaped was preceded with the question, "Would Jesus say that?"

Once in the course of his study, he went down on his knees. No one except himself could know what that meant to him. When had he done that in the preparation of sermons, before the change that had come into his thought of discipleship? As he viewed his ministry now, he did not dare to preach without praying for wisdom. He no longer thought of his dramatic delivery and its effect on his audience. The great question with him now was, "What would Jesus do?"

Saturday night at the Rectangle witnessed some of the most remarkable scenes that Mr. Gray and his wife had ever known. The meetings had intensified with each night of Rachel's singing. A stranger passing through the Rectangle in the daytime might have heard a good deal about the meetings, in one way and another. It cannot be said that, up to that Saturday night, there was any appreciable lack of oaths and impurity and heavy drinking. The Rectangle would not have acknowledged that it was growing any better, or that even the singing had softened its conversation, or its outward manner. It had too much local pride in being "tough." But in spite of itself, there was a yielding to a power it had never measured and did not know well enough to resist beforehand.

Gray had recovered his voice, so that Saturday he was able to speak. The fact that he was obliged to use his voice carefully made it necessary for the people to be very quiet if they wanted to hear. Gradually they had come to understand that this man was talking these many weeks, and using his time and strength, to give them a knowledge of a Saviour, all out of a perfectly unselfish love for them. To-night the great crowd was as quiet as Henry Maxwell's decorous audience ever was. The fringe around the tent was deeper, and the saloons were practically empty. The Holy Spirit had come at last, and Gray knew that one of the great prayers of his life was going to be answered.

And Rachel—her singing was the best, most wonderful, Virginia or Jasper Chase had ever known. They had come together again to-night with Dr. West, who had spent all his spare time that week in the Rectangle with some charity cases. Virginia was at the organ, Jasper sat on a front seat looking up at Rachel, and the Rectangle swayed as one man towards the platform as she sang:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Gray hardly said a word. He stretched out his hand with a gesture of invitation. And down the two aisles of the tent, broken, sinful creatures, men and women, stumbled towards the platform. One woman out of the street was near the organ. Virginia caught the look of her face, and, for the first time in the life of the rich girl, the thought of what Jesus was to a sinful woman came with a suddenness and power that was like nothing but a new birth. Virginia left the organ, went to her, looked into her face and caught her hands in her own. The other girl trembled, then fell on her knees, sobbing, with her head down upon the back of the bench in front of her, still clinging to Virginia. And Virginia, after a moment's hesitation, kneeled down by her and the two heads were bowed close together.

But when the people had crowded in a double row all about the

platform, most of them kneeling and crying, a man in evening dress, different from the others, pushed through the seats and came and kneeled down by the side of the drunken man who had disturbed the meeting when Henry Maxwell spoke. He kneeled within a few feet of Rachel Winslow. And as she turned for a moment and looked in his direction, she was amazed to see the face of Rollin Page! For a moment her voice faltered. Then she went on:

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

The voice was as the voice of divine longing, and the Rectangle, for the time being, was swept into the harbour of redemptive grace.

CHAPTER V.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me."

It was nearly midnight before the service at the Rectangle closed. Gray stayed up long into Sunday morning, praying and talking with a little group of converts that, in the great experience of their new life, clung to the evangelist with a personal helplessness that made it as impossible for him to leave them as if they had been depending upon him to save them from physical death. Among these converts was Rollin Page.

Virginia and her uncle had gone home about eleven o'clock, and Rachel and Jasper Chase had gone with them as far as the avenue where Virginia lived. Dr. West had walked on a little way with them to his own house, and Rachel and Jasper had then gone on together to her mother's.

That was a little after eleven. It was now striking midnight, and Jasper Chase sat in his room staring at the papers on his desk and going over the last half-hour with painful persistence.

He had told Rachel Winslow of his love for her, and she had not given her love in return.

It would be difficult to know what was most powerful in the impulse that had moved him to speak to her to-night. He had yielded to his feelings without any special thought of results to himself, because he had felt so certain that Rachel would respond to his love for her. He tried to recall, now, just the impression she made on him when he first spoke to her.

Never had her beauty and her strength influenced him as to-night. While she was singing he saw and heard no one else. The tent swarmed with a confused crowd of faces, and he knew he was sitting there hemmed in by a mob of people; but they had no meaning to him. He felt powerless to avoid speaking to her. He knew he should speak when they were once alone.

Now that he had spoken, he felt that he had misjudged either Rachel or the opportunity. He knew, or thought he did, that she had begun to care for him. It was no secret between them that the heroine of Jasper's first book had been his own ideal of Rachel, and the hero of the story was himself, and they had loved each other in the book, and Rachel had not objected. No one else knew. The names and characters had been drawn with a subtle skill that revealed to Rachel, when she received a copy of the book from Jasper, the fact of his love for her, and she had not been offended. That was nearly a year ago.

To-night, Jasper Chase recalled the scene between them, with every inflection and movement unerased from his memory. He even recalled the fact that he began to speak just at that point on the

avenue where, a few days before, he had met Rachel walking with Rollin Page. He had wondered at the time, what Rollin was saying.

"Rachel," Jasper had said, and it was the first time he had ever spoken her first name, "I never knew until to-night how much I love you. Why should I try to conceal any longer what you have seen me look? You know I love you as my life. I can no longer hide it from you if I would."

The first intimation he had of a refusal was the trembling of Rachel's arm in his own. She had allowed him to speak and had neither turned her face towards him nor away from him. She had looked straight on, and her voice was sad but firm and quiet when she spoke.

"Why do you speak to me now? I cannot bear it—after what we have seen to-night."

"Why—what—" he had stammered, and then was silent.

Rachel withdrew her arm from his, but still walked near him.

Then he cried out, with the anguish of one who begins to see a great loss facing him where he expected a great joy.

"Rachel! Do you not love me? Is not my love for you as sacred as anything in all of life itself?"

She had walked on silent for a few steps, after that. They had passsed a street lamp. Her face was pale and beautiful. He had made a movement to clutch her arm. And she had moved a little farther from him.

"No," she had replied. "There was a time—I cannot answer for that—you should not have spoken to me to-night."

He had seen in these words his answer. He was extremely sensitive. Nothing short of a joyous response to his own love would have satisfied him. He could not think of pleading with her.

"Some time—when I am more worthy?" he had asked in a low voice; but she did not seem to hear, and they had parted at her home, and he recalled vividly the fact that no good-night had been said.

Now as he went over the brief but significant scene, he lashed himself for his foolish precipitancy. He had not reckoned on Rachel's tense, passionate absorption of all her feeling in the scenes at the tent which were so new in her mind. But he did not know her well enough, even yet, to understand the meaning of her refusal. When the clock in the First Church steeple struck one, he was still sitting at his desk, staring at the last page of manuscript of his unfinished book.

FATHER DAMIEN.

BY THE REV. R. P. BOWLES, M.A., B.D.

Far away in the midst of the Pacific, a sort of halfway-house between China and California, and so near the centre that one knows not whether to place them in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere, stand, in their loneliness, the Sandwich Islands. These islands were first revealed to Europe by the celebrated discoverer, Captain Cook. Soon afterwards they were visited by foul seamen and wicked travellers, who took with them vices and diseases heretofore unknown to the amiable and light-hearted inhabitants. It is estimated that at the time of their discovery the population of the islands was about 400,000. But since then, owing to the disastrous

effects of contact with the worst side of our civilization, the population has fallen to 44,000, and it is even said that the native race is threatened with extinction.

We cannot go into the history of missionary enterprise on these islands. They are now Christianized, educated, and possess a constitutional form of government.

On the islands are many foreigners, of different nationalities, chief among whom are our American cousins, who possess much influence in the commerce and government of the islands.

Well, to come to our story : In the year 1848, the fearful scourge of leprosy broke out on the island, causing terrible ravages among all classes of the people. The plague continued to spread, so that soon it became apparent to the government of the islands that the lepers must be isolated from their friends and formed into a community of their own. This was done in the year 1864, sixteen years after the plague had broken out.

The question then was, where shall this community be placed. One of the islands of this group is called Molokai. It is situated to the north-west of the group, and from this island there juts out to the north a little peninsula, named Kolouao. It is a grassy plain of about 6,000 acres, and is separated from the rest of the island by a wall of high mountains, which rise 3,000 feet above the sea. It is said to be a place of much natural beauty. Even this high wall, that separates the peninsula from the rest of the island, is covered with vegetation. It is, some one has said, "a cataract of creepers broken with the foam of flowers."

But while the place has much natural beauty, it is by no means an ideal place of residence, for the winter is cold and the summer hot, and the isolation from the rest of the island is too complete. Here the Hawaiian Government chose to place all the unfortunate lepers. It was a necessary but most distressing thing to take these afflicted creatures away from their friends, for they are a social, merry and light-hearted people. Many tried to evade the officials in the discharge of their duty, and their friends shielded them, preferring to run the risk of taking the disease themselves rather than send their loved ones to endure such a hard fate. However, the task was accomplished, and all the lepers of the Sandwich Islands were removed to this place, and the leper community was formed in 1864.

You will have to draw on your imagination for a picture of this leper community which changed a place of natural beauty into a home of death and prison house of corruption. It is said that suitable homes had not been provided, that food was insufficient, and there was no medical attendance or nursing. No friends ever came to sympathize with the sufferers or to help them. Eight hundred lepers condemned for life to the society of death and disease. Their average life, it is true, does not exceed four years, but as fresh recruits are always being added, their number does not diminish very rapidly.

Condemned to such hopelessness and entirely separated from all helpful associations, what wonder is it that soon vice and licentiousness triumphed, evil passion joining hand with foul disease ? A root growing at the foot of the mountains furnished a highly intoxicating liquor, and drunkenness became almost universal; and there, as here, it brought in its train the worst of sins. The whole community became thoroughly corrupt.

There lived, at this time, in Honolulu, the chief town of these islands, a Roman Catholic priest, Father Damien. He was a native of Belgium, young, talented, of wealthy family, with every prospect

of life. He knew the misery and the wretchedness of this leper community. He knew that to go there was to live but a few years, and finally to die of the fearful disease himself. Nevertheless, fired with love of Jesus Christ, he resolved to live and die in the service of these lepers. So he went to this lazar-house.

One can hardly wonder that the Government could not understand such a strange choice. They refused him any help, and kept watch, intending to arrest him if he should dare to come back.

When he landed on the plague-infected spot, we are told, there was no doctor or any other official among the lepers. "He found the dead and the dying on every hand, and became so absorbed in his care of them that he had no time to build himself a hut, but slept under the trees. By kindly words and helpful deeds he won the confidence of the whole community, and after a while his influence on the island became unbounded. It is said he was not only priest, but magistrate, school-teacher, gardener, carpenter, joiner, painter, housekeeper, cook, and often grave-digger and undertaker."

He lived among the people and shared their experiences in every way. An eye-witness gave this testimony. Before he reached Molokai, the leper settlement was squalid, hideous, almost hellish; now it is a peaceful, law-abiding community, presenting an attractive, and even on some sides a cheerful appearance. Instead of wretched grass huts he encouraged the people to build whitewashed cottages, with pleasant verandahs and gardens. The presence of this Christlike man changed everything, yet, notwithstanding this change, the sadness of the situation could hardly be relieved. There is grim significance in the fact that the chief industry of the island is making coffins.

For eleven long years did Father Damien live and toil among these dying men, women and children, exposing himself to the disease on every side. During that time in his ministry of mercy he consoled the dying hours of two thousand lepers. Then, at last, to make his sacrifice of himself complete, the awful disease laid its hand upon him. It could not be otherwise. For four long years of agony he toiled up his Golgotha, until, at last, on the tenth day of April, 1889, the welcome angel of death bade his anguish cease forever, and he fell asleep in Christ.

But even ere he died the fruits of such a heroic example were seen. After he had been one year afflicted with the disease, and it had become evident that he would soon die, he was joined by Father Courady, a young priest from Oregon. Over to this comrade's hands Father Damien gave his work, and we believe he still carries it on, waiting the same form of death—the most horrible and terrible known to man.

All Christendom has heard this story. It has gone through all missionary reviews. When the news of his death was published few had heard of such a man. But the fame of his heroic life is spreading everywhere. But not the fame of it only. The influence of such Christlike heroism and love should inspire us all. The age of Christian chivalry has not passed away. The spirit of the apostles is still upon the Church, and men walk the earth to-day whose lives do more for Christ and Christianity than the arguments and sermons of a thousand pulpits.

An example of this kind coming from the Roman Catholic Church should give us the spirit of charity and toleration and lift us above the narrowness of creed. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

Toronto.

TENNYSON'S RELIGIOUS LIFE.*

BY HIS NIECE.

No poet, perhaps, has ever come so close to the type of the Seer-prophet of the Old Testament as Tennyson, for I think none was ever so penetrated through and through as he was with the sense of the divine source of the gift of poetry imparted to him. He told me that this sense was almost awful to him in its intensity, because it made him feel as a priest who can never leave the sanctuary, and whose every word must be consecrated to the service of Him who had touched his lips with the fire of heaven which was to enable him to speak in God's name to his age. And so, he went on to say, nothing he had ever written seemed to him to have reached the standard of perfection short of which he must never rest; all he could hope was that he had brought men a little nearer to God. And it is just because, all through his life as a poet, Tennyson felt that he had a divine purpose to further, that the inner springs of that life, now revealed more fully than ever before in his son's biography of him, are of such surpassing interest.

On the death of his first-born he was able to write to my mother that it was "well—God orders all." And even so, when his own time came, and he was told he was about to die, he was able again to say, with the confidence of one who still believed as he had done through all the years between, that God's ordering was ever for the best—"That is well." And thus he was enabled, out of his own great sorrows, to bring consolation to his fellowmen.

I know of a man who, feeling his utter loneliness in a distant colony quite intolerable after the death of his wife, was going in search of the weapon with which to put an end to his existence, when he came across a copy of "In Memoriam," which he had taken out with him, and opening its pages, at first half-mechanically, he became interested and read on and on till there stole into his soul a peace that never afterwards left it, and he resolved once more to face the battle of life—a battle he has not fought in vain.

When my uncle stayed in our house in London I well remember the almost Spartan simplicity of the fare he insisted on our giving him. We knew he liked plain boiled salt beef, but were scarcely prepared for his begging to be allowed to have it (instead of the fresh roasts we had cooked for him) three days running, cold, for his dinner. No guest ever gave so little trouble or was so full of consideration for our servants.

The last daughter to leave her father's side was Emily, long betrothed to Alfred Tennyson ere she became his wife; and it is in the letters to her during their engagement that we gain such deep insight into his own inmost soul. "What matters it," he writes, "how much man knows and does if he keep not a reverential looking upward?" Love, like all life's other deepest emotions, is to him a sacred thing, and he rejoices in "the glory of being loved, for so have we 'laid great bases for eternity.'"

"All things come to him who

* We quote from the *Contemporary Review* this interesting account of the religious life of our latter-day prophet, by Agnes Grace Weld.

waits," says the old proverb, and it generally comes true to those whose waiting is a prayerful one, as Alfred Tennyson's was. For he was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and, as he told me shortly before his death, never had one earnest prayer of his failed to receive an answer. And so at last, to use his own words, the peace of God came into his life before the altar to which he led my Aunt Emily as his bride. And this peace of God never left their hearth and home, for their wedded life was daily consecrated to their joint service of the Father in heaven and the brethren on earth. Holding in an intense degree the spirituality of religion, they attached great value to the partaking together of the Holy Communion, and my uncle would often dwell in his talks with me upon the special nearness of Christ to him in this sacrament, but the manner thereof, he said, was far too sacred to be expressed in words.

If I ever reach the heavenly haven beyond the grave it will be largely because my uncle's beacon light showed me the way. Nothing that others ever spoke to me, and nothing I ever read, even in the pages of the Bible, ever made the impression upon me that his words and manner did when he would say to me in exactly the same natural way as a child would express his delight at his father making him his companion : "God is with us now on this down as we two are walking together just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus; we cannot see Him, but He, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the Apostles about the actual and real presence of God and His Christ with all who yearn for it."

I said I thought such a near, actual presence would be awful to most people. "Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," he answered. "I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel that He is by my side now just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart." And I looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested upon his face, and I felt that the presence of the Most High had, indeed, overshadowed me.

A HYMN.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways !
Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire ;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm !

—*Westminster.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOLLOWING UP THE CLUE.

Nothing whatever had come of Mr. Carlyle's mission to London. It had been a complete failure. The old retired officer whom the detective had purposed seeing in regard to the identification of the photograph of Trethyn's agent with that of the man who had been for a short time on the staff at Scotland Yard, and probably for a much longer time intimately acquainted with the internal arrangements of the Hobart Town prisons, was dead and buried months before; or, at least, so the detective's information ran. Nor could any of the people in that Home of Officialism and Cunning aid the detective. Not one of them seemed to remember two Graingers at Scotland Yard, or was able to recognize the agent of Trethyn in the photograph submitted to them as an old brother officer. So, disappointed and foiled, Mr. Detective Carlyle had to return to Trethyn.

As we have seen, once back in the parish again, the detective had set up as a shoemaker, a calling he was well acquainted with, having, years before his entrance into the force, worked at that trade. In this role he was free to move in and out amongst the people, and thus to gather much information in regard to his case. But he had learnt nothing special, nothing bearing upon the mysterious death of the late squire, or upon that other mysterious circumstance of the escape of Edward Trethyn. He had, however, chiefly through talk with Seth Roberts and Rhoda, come to two important conclusions which he hoped would enable him to unravel some of the mysteries attending these circumstances—first, that Edward Trethyn was not drowned in the Avon, and secondly, that the Robertses knew something of the mystery of his escape, and probably where the fugitive was now hiding.

Of course, neither Seth nor Rhoda had told the cobbler this in so many words, but the detective, hidden under the cobbler's disguise, had gleaned it all from their words and manner. What struck him as remarkable was the shyness with which they would talk on the subject, and how eager they were to evade it whenever it was broached. This, and a score of other little things, too little for any but an accurately observant man such as the detective to notice, were all markedly indicative to Mr. Carlyle of hidden knowledge, and upon then he had formed his own conclusions.

But that was about all that the detective had gained by his new role, and he had therefore determined to go back into what, in speaking to Superintendent James, he playfully called civilized life. So he had doffed his leather apron, removed his wig with the bald patch, and his false beard, taken off his brass-rimmed spectacles, transferred his small business gratis to another, and gone back to his old lodgings. There he was himself again, and not even the shrewdest in Trethyn could have recognized in the person of the handsome gentleman who had returned to old Mother Hill's rooms the once apparently decrepit cobbler.

Not many days after his return chance threw him in the way of the agent.

"Good morning, sir," he said politely.

Stephen Grainger stopped, looked, and was instantly filled with astonishment.

"Good morning," he replied; "you back in Trethyn?"

"Yes, here I am," said the detective, "turning up again like a bad penny."

"I thought you had left the neighbourhood," still amazedly went on the agent.

"So I did, but I've returned."

"Humph! Surely not come photographing again?"

"Why not?" queried the detective, readily.

"Why? Look at the weather. See how heavy it is. You could never use your camera in this."

"Necessity knows no law," replied the detective. "You wouldn't have me miss the scenes here?"

To play again the role of an amateur photographer had not entered the detective's mind, but the cue now given him by the agent was too good to be lost, and he at once acted upon it.

"Scenes?" replied the agent, and then purposely twisting the word, "What scenery is worth taking at this time of the year?"

The detective inwardly chuckled.

"I spoke of scenes," he said, pointedly, "not scenery; I refer, of course, to the strike. The illustrated papers, such as The Graphic, pay handsome prices for photographs of such scenes as might now easily be obtained here. For instance, a photograph of the men's mass meetings or the thronged streets would be especially taking. Then, again, scenes in homes, scenes at the pits, or photographs of prominent strikers, such as Seth Roberts, the chairman of the Strikers' Committee, or George Ford, the secretary, or that impetuous Rake Swinton—all these would make capital pictures, and would fetch a big price."

Stephen Grainger listened aghast. After all was this professed amateur photographer a journalistic artist, and had he come into Trethyn again to cater for the periodicals? And was he more than an artist? Was he a commissioner for some paper and sent down to Trethyn to describe the strike and the condition of the parish?

"That humorous bread-distributing, too, would make a good negative," went on the detective, hugely enjoying the agent's palpable alarm, "especially if attractively headed—Relieving the Starving, for instance, and just a brief sketch of the affair added to explain it. Or, A Few Pictorial Incidents of the Strike, in which a variety of things might be worked in. What do you think of it?"

"I think it would be very unbecoming," sharply replied the agent. "It would simply pander to the vanity of the strikers, and make heroes of men who are nothing but criminals."

"Criminals?"

"In that they starve their families by refusing to work, and in more senses than that one. Your pictures would only prolong the strike indefinitely."

"Then I take it, Mr. Grainger," said the detective, thirsting for information, though not in the least betraying his eagerness to the agent, "that you do not contemplate acceding to the men's demands for the old wage?"

"Certainly not," said Stephen Grainger hotly; "how can I? Do you know, sir, that this estate is already burdened with its heavy expenditure?"

"I understand," said the detective, slowly, "that the new heir is largely squandering its revenues, and that he is taking advantage of Lady Trethyn's ill-health to do so. Don't you think it a shame, Mr. Grainger?"

Stephen Grainger drew himself up to his full height.

"I should like to know," he said haughtily, "where you got that from."

"Oh," replied the detective lightly, "that's a matter of public gossip. I suppose, Mr. Grainger, that it is so? Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn is a gambler, is he not?"

"Oh, don't be offended," went on the detective, noticing the agent's rising wrath, and speaking half-sneeringly. "I see you don't care to say anything. Well, p'r'aps it's wise, being in the position you are. But everybody knows of it, and that he is constantly dunning you for money. That's what makes the men so bitter; they say the reduction is only to help you to keep the spendthrift well supplied with cash to enable him to pay his debts, and to carry on his gamblings."

"Where, may I ask," queried the greatly astonished agent, "did you learn all this rubbish?"

"Rubbish?"

"Yes, rubbish," tartly replied the agent.

"Tush, man," said the detective, with a knowing wink, "it's not rubbish. You know it is not rubbish."

"Where did you learn it?"

"Oh, it's in everybody's mouth, and—"

"Also the subject of general gossip?"

"Decidedly—general gossip," answered the detective. "There are some, of course, who lay all the blame on you, and say that you are vengeful, and that you are reducing the wages to enrich yourself, to re-

build your house, which was burned down by the rioters. But, of course, you are the one to know what truth may be in that statement."

"Would you blame me if it were true?"

"Blame you?" Even so experienced an officer as Detective Carlyle was amazed at the question.

"Yes; would you blame me if I taxed this people to repay me the mischief they wrought me?"

Detective Carlyle looked at the agent wonderingly. He had never listened to such an astounding question, and he marvelled greatly at the cool, heartless manner in which it was put.

"Would you?" urged the agent.

"Would I? Most certainly," replied the detective. "If you imposed a reduction of wages upon the miners for such a thing I should strongly condemn it, and would be half inclined to take up the men's cause."

Stephen Grainger glanced at the detective. How earnest the man had grown! He seemed to make common cause with the strikers. But those newspaper men were all agitators, every one of them. He felt he must, however, ward off this man's suspicions.

"But, of course, it is not so," he said. "The true reason of the reduction is nothing but bad trade."

"Hush!" exclaimed the detective, "you really mustn't say that. It's so absurd, you know, for everybody well knows that the present times are ones of special commercial prosperity, and that all the neighbouring collieries were working their full strength."

"See, sir!" cried the agent, annoyed beyond further endurance by the detective's words, "let us understand each other. Do you sympathize with the strikers?"

Detective Carlyle raised his brows in feigned surprise.

"Don't you?" he asked; "doesn't any man with a spark of humanity in his breast sympathize with them?"

"No gentleman does," said Grainger, coldly, with peculiar emphasis upon the word; "at least no well-informed gentleman. Common people may."

"Are you joking?" queried the detective, still keeping up his feigned surprise.

"Joking? No; by heavens, no! I'd drop them twenty per cent. if I had my way, and take some of the confounded pride and impudence out of them."

"But you sympathize with them in their distress?"

"Not I!" exclaimed the agent, "they should starve for all I care. If men won't work when work is offered them, then they ought to go breadless."

"Grainger," said the detective familiarly, but sneeringly, "you amaze me. I thought you were a humane man."

"So I am in the right place," said the agent, "but I've no sympathy for pig-headed strikers."

"Well, but apart from your usual principle," urged the detective, "I thought you would be specially anxious to see this strike brought to a close."

"So I am," he said, quickly, "very anxious indeed. I tell you this strike is ruining Trethyn."

"But I mean on account of the personal cost to yourself."

"Oh," said the agent, off-handedly, "It doesn't cost me anything."

"Then is the report untrue?" asked the detective, "that you were waylaid and compelled to pay for all this bread which has been distributed from house to house?"

"Who said that?" demanded the agent. "And, sir, is that going into the newspapers, too? I tell you what it is, sir, if you're on the side of the strikers I don't want to have any further conversation with you. I can't stoop to be friendly to a man who sympathizes with plunderers."

That was an admission which confirmed all the suspicions which the detective had expressed to Superintendent James. Stephen Grainger, then, had to pay for his bread-distributing. It was a very interesting problem. Who were the bold men who had coerced him? Plainly some disguised men, for had the agent known them he would have afterwards had them arrested. Who could they be? Could Rake Swinton know anything of them? Was he one of them? The detective knew that Rake was equal to almost anything, and the conversation he had overheard weeks ago, when Rake offered to be one of two to meet the agent some dark night and thrash him to within an inch of his life, seemed to confirm the detective's suspicions. However, he would keep

his eye on Rake, though, while nothing more came of the deeds of these bold men than making the agent pay for bread for the starving, the detective did not see why he should interfere.

That same afternoon Detective Carlyle rang the visitors' bell at the manor.

"I've called to see Lady Trethyn," he said to the housekeeper, when the servant who had answered the bell brought that worthy person to the door.

"Then I'm afraid, sir, that you can't see her."

Detective Carlyle looked at her searchingly.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because my lady is very ill indeed," replied the housekeeper, "and not fit to see anybody."

"Nobody?"

"Only the doctors."

"Well, ma'am," said the detective humorously, "surely they're not nobody?"

"Oh, yes, they are. They're obliged to see her."

Mr. Carlyle smiled.

"There be one of the doctors in with her now," said the woman, plainly irritated at the detective's manner.

"Dr. Burns?" queried Mr. Carlyle.

"Bless your life—no. My lady would never consent to see that gentleman after his scandalous behaviour towards poor Mr. Edward. It's Dr. Shearer that visits here now, and his assistant."

"Is Dr. Shearer inside now?"

"No; it's his assistant; a very clever young man, I'm told."

"Young man?"

"Young man, of course. Be not all the assistants young gen'l'men?"

"To be sure, to be sure," said the detective; "how very stupid of me! What made my lady choose Dr. Shearer? Dr. Mulligan is much nearer Trethyn, and a splendid fellow."

"My lady is some way related to Dr. Shearer, sir."

Detective Carlyle raised his brows in pure astonishment, and his tongue was on the point of framing the question, How? But he refrained.

"My lady is often ill now?" he asked.

"Always," replied the housekeeper; "she's confined to her room altogether, and sees no one."

"But I think she'll see me," said the detective.

"That I'm sure she won't," replied the housekeeper emphatically.

"At all events," said the detective, "you will go and ask her."

The woman was shaking her head vigorously, but the detective went on calmly—

"I will just step inside while you do," he said. "My lady expects to see me, and I've called on private business with her. Will you now go and ask her?"

Still the woman shook her head, and at the same time did her best to bar the detective's entrance.

"Well, ma'am," said the detective coolly, "it just means this. Either you go and ask her or I go myself."

As he said these words Mr. Carlyle, with a quick movement, slipped past the housekeeper, and the next moment was quietly contemplating one of the great oil-paintings which hung in the hall.

"I'll give you another chance, ma'am," he said, without turning his head in the slightest to see the effect his action had produced upon the housekeeper; "it's either you or I that must go. You can tell my lady that it's the gentleman from London that wants to see her."

Startled at the strange man's action, the woman stood staring at him for several moments, scarcely knowing what to do or say. Had she dared she would at once have given the stranger the length of her tongue, to put it forcibly. But supposing, after all, that Lady Trethyn did expect this man? If so, it would be wise for her own sake to restrain her feelings. It was, however, with the greatest difficulty that she could manage it, and she had to bite her tongue severely to keep it from wagging hotly.

"Are you going, ma'am?" calmly asked the detective, as he moved from one picture to another, and surveyed them with leisurely indifference to the woman's anger. "If you don't, you know, I must go myself."

Driven to it, at last the woman slowly proceeded to Lady Trethyn's room and knocked gently.

"Only me, ma'am," she said, in answer to Lady Trethyn's inquiry as to who was there. "There's a

gen'l'man from Lunnon as does want to see you."

At the words a dead silence fell upon the room, which lasted for several moments, and then the housekeeper, standing at the closed door, could hear low whisperings and rustlings.

"Tell the gentleman," said Lady Trethyn presently, "that I'll be ready to see him in five minutes. I'll ring when I'm ready, and then you can show him in."

In point of fact Lady Trethyn was ready for the detective in two minutes. Scarcely had the housekeeper gone from the door than it was gently opened, and Dr. Shearer's assistant passed out of the room, passed through the back entrance to the manor, and was soon clear away from the house. Then Lady Trethyn rang her bell.

"You're looking much better than you were when I saw you last."

It was Detective Carlyle who spoke, and he was seated at a small table, with Lady Trethyn opposite to him. The door of the room was closed, and the heavy curtains were drawn across the door, to keep out the draughts, Lady Trethyn explained.

"I'm feeling better," Lady Trethyn replied simply.

Detective Carlyle at once felt that there must have been some good cause for her ladyship's marked improvement, but he did not question her about it. The thought ran through his mind, however, that the improvement was due to the same cause which had brought him to the manor. He had come to strengthen his impressions as to Edward Trethyn's being alive, for he was convinced, if his impressions were true, Lady Trethyn could confirm them. Not that he was going to ask her outright. He was too skilful an officer for that, but he counted upon his ability to lead Lady Trethyn to say something in course of conversation which would make his guesses certainties.

"Well, my lady," he said, presently, "I'm sorry to say that I can't report much progress with your case. I have gathered several things, however, which still lead me to think that your son was innocent of the crime charged against him, but nothing as yet which might fix the crime upon the true culprit."

"You remember my suspicions?" asked Lady Trethyn.

"Oh, yes, and they are mine, too, but there's no proof. I have, however, pretty strong proof about another thing."

Lady Trethyn looked up quickly.

"It's my firm belief, Lady Trethyn," went on the detective, "that your son is not dead."

Lady Trethyn's face flushed blood-red, and an apprehensive look betrayed itself in her eyes.

"I can't now give you my reasons for this belief," quietly proceeded the detective, "but I thought the mention of it would cheer you. You see, my lady, if Mr. Edward is not dead, then there is greater hopes of the establishing of his innocence."

Lady Trethyn did not seem particularly affected by the news, which led the detective to think his suspicions confirmed. Was Edward Trethyn indeed alive, and did her ladyship know of it? Mr. Carlyle was almost ready to answer "yes" to both questions. If she were ignorant of his being alive, argued the detective mentally, she would show more eagerness in the announcement he had made to her. She would be more excited, and full of questionings. But she was not so, rather the reverse of these things, and plainly alarmed at the detective's words. Mr. Carlyle thought he could read her heart. She was afraid to confess her knowledge lest he should betray her. Though she had entrusted him with the proving of her son's innocence, not even to him could she trust the secret which might send again her son to prison. And so, after about half an hour's conversation about things wide of the mark, Detective Carlyle left Lady Trethyn's presence, with all his suspicions strengthened, but without proof of them.

But he was determined to obtain proof, and on his way through the hall again made another onslaught on the old housekeeper.

"Has the young doctor gone?" he asked.

"Wasn't he in my lady's room when you were there?"

"Oh, dear no."

"Then I suppose he must have gone. But I never seed him go out. He does come and go, though, mysterious like."

That was sufficient for the detec-

tive, and bidding the housekeeper farewell, was soon hastening through the park.

His mind was already made up as to what to do, and he was resolved to do it without delay. At all hazards he was determined to find out the truth of his suspicions. Why, his very case depended upon this paramount discovery. To try to establish the innocence of Edward Trethyn, without the assistance Edward Trethyn alone could give, was a thing impossible. How blind was Lady Trethyn not to see it! It was to her interest to divulge to him what she knew, and not to hide it. Did she think he would disclose her secret? If she did she was greatly mistaken; she might as well think that he would wilfully destroy his own evidence. It was really very, very annoying. But, despite all the hindrances, he should fathom the mystery.

Thus thinking and ruminating, on went the detective at a swinging pace, until very soon he was clear from the town, and on the high road to Netton, a neighbouring parish. Between Netton and Trethyn, perhaps two miles away from the latter, stood a public-house, known as the Trethyn Arms; and into this public-house Detective Carlyle found his way, and seated himself in the cozy bar-parlour. Then he rang the small bell which stood on the table, and his call was immediately answered by the proprietor himself.

"What can I serve you with, sir?"

"What will you take?"

The landlord rubbed his hands together, smiled pleasantly, and suggested wine.

"Wine for two, then," said the detective.

After a little time, and when they had gossiped about things in general, Mr. Carlyle seized an opportunity of introducing the true subject of his visit.

"Does your business do well?"

"Only fairly," answered the landlord. "Somehow people shun this house."

"Why?"

"I suppose it is because of my evidence at the trial of Edward Trethyn. But what else could I do, sir? I could do no more than speak the truth, and what I said about Mr. Grainger and me going together into the drawing-room at the manor was perfectly true."

"Oh, you were formerly at the manor, were you?" asked the detective, with an assumed air of surprise.

"Yes; I was butler there."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and when Sir Charles Montgomery was made trustee I had to go."

"Spite," said the detective.

"Nothing else in the world, sir. And it's just the same with the people. Years agone this here house used to do a rare business. They always made this house one of call in those days; but ever since that unfortunate affair at the manor things here be as dead as a door-nail."

"Is this house in the Trethyn estate?"

"Yes."

"So when you were driven from the manor Mr. Grainger clapped you here?"

The landlord's glass of wine was not the first he had swallowed that day by any means, or perhaps the detective could not so easily have gained his ends.

"Y'are just about right," answered the landlord. "Was it likely Mr. Grainger was going to let the only man who could corroborate his evidence be driven into the workhouse altogether?"

"Certainly not," said the detective, and then added to himself, "Here is a clear case of bribery. Stephen Grainger has shut this fellow's mouth for some end of his own. What? Well, Carlyle's the man to find it out."

"Have you heard the rumour about Edward Trethyn not being dead after all?" asked the detective.

The landlord glanced quickly at him in surprise.

"No," he said, "nor do I believe it."

"It isn't very likely, is it?"

"When a man's body is found in the river, and by all appearance has been there several days, it isn't likely that he could live after that?"

"No, but was it Edward Trethyn's body? Could there have been any mistake about it?"

"None whatever," and the landlord shook his head decidedly. "Has any one said that they've seen him?"

"Well you know what a rumour is."

"Generally a big thumping lie," said the landlord, emphatically.

"By-the-bye," said the detective, with an affected sudden change of

subject, though in reality only more pointedly pursuing the same, "what's the name of Dr. Shearer's assistant? I have to call there, and don't know the young doctor's name."

"Middleton, isn't it?"

"Middleton? Aye, that's it," and the detective took out his pocket-book and made an entry. "What kind of a man is he?"

"Smartish chap, they tell me. Can beat the old doctor hollow."

"Indeed. Do you know him?"

"Well, can't say that I do. I've seen him, but that's all."

"Oh, you have seen him?"

"Yes; he was at the big mass-meeting of the colliers when they decided upon the strike."

"Of course you couldn't form any opinion as to the kind of gentleman he was to talk to?"

"No, though I should say he's an unsociable kind of man. Wears dark glasses, and has the look of a student. A man, I should guess, wrapped up very much in himself. But p'r'aps that's just as well, his being a doctor."

"You think he'd thus be able to give more thought to his patients?"

"Yes."

More puzzled than ever, the detective went his way from the Trethyn Arms, scarcely knowing how to act. At the Manor his suspicions had been directed towards Dr. Shearer's assistant, and acting at once upon that suspicion he had sought out the only man in the neighborhood who would be likely to betray Edward Trethyn's secret. But the dismissed butler was evidently ignorant of it, and without the least idea that the assistant doctor and Edward Trethyn were one and the same person. The question now uppermost in the detective's mind was, Were these two one? Surely if they were, the landlord of the Trethyn Arms would have quickly recognized it. Mr. Carlyle felt that his own suspicions had received a severe shock. There was, however, just one circumstance which prevented him from abandoning his suspicions. That was the reference the landlord had made to the dark spectacles worn by the young doctor. That, in itself, was a very suspicious circumstance, one well worth noting and following up.

"It must be my next move," mentally observed Mr. Carlyle. "I will at once pay a visit to Dr. Shearer's. Fools! if Edward Trethyn is here, why do they hide it from me, when I'm laboring to serve them?"

CHAPTER XXII.

STEPHEN GRAINGER SEES A GHOST.

"Is the doctor at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you please step into the waiting-room? Dr. Shearer will be here presently."

First scraping his boots on the iron scraper, and then carefully rubbing them clean on the door-mat, Mr. Detective Carlyle accepts the polite invitation of the doctor's footman, and is soon contemplating the ponderous tomes and great medical works which crowd the bookshelves and weight the small table, as well as several curious instruments on the mantelshelf and on the top of the secretaire. But Mr. Carlyle's eye only sees the books, and nothing more. It is mere abstract contemplation with which he surveys the things round him, and his mind is plainly dwelling upon other subjects. He is thinking of the scheme which has brought him that evening to the doctor's, and devising the best means and manner to introduce it to the venerable old gentleman.

He is not, however, left long to himself, and his contemplations are suddenly cut short by the entrance of the doctor.

"You, Mr. Carlyle?" he says cheerily, holding out his hand.

Mr. Carlyle is amazed.

"You know me, then?"

"I've seen you several times about the parish, and I know you also by repute."

"Then you also know my business here?" asked Mr. Carlyle, still in surprise.

Dr. Shearer smiles good-naturedly.

"P'r'aps, sir," he says, "you'll first explain your complaint."

Mr. Carlyle glances at the doctor keenly.

"This old gentleman," he mentally observes, "is going to be a tough nut to crack."

"So many people come here, you see," says the doctor, rubbing his hands together softly, "with the same story. They really think that I ought to be able to tell them immediately I see them what is the matter with them. Very hard on the

doctor, eh ? Of course we're not wizards. But p'r'aps you'll just let me look at your tongue."

Mr. Carlyle breaks out into a hearty laugh.

"There !" said the doctor. "That doesn't sound like a sick man. You surely have no pain. Or have you—"

"Doctor," interrupts the detective gravely, "you know my profession ?"

"Who doesn't know it ?" said the doctor.

"Really, Dr. Shearer, but you are joking now, and I'm in real earnest. I've come here on very important business."

"Tush, tush !" exclaimed the doctor, "why should I joke ? You really do yourself a great injustice. But p'r'aps it's modesty. As if so eminent an officer as Detective Carlyle could be hidden."

Again Mr. Carlyle glances searchingly into the doctor's face. Is the doctor laughing at him ? It does not appear so by his earnest face, but it is very singular that he should talk thus. However, he will end this light banter, if banter it is, and bring things to a crisis.

"Dr. Shearer," he says, "you and I are practical men of business—"

"Just so, just so," says the doctor.

"You and I cannot afford to waste any time whatever in mere talk—"

"Gracious me ! no. Really, I ought to be off now. There's old Mrs. Mills lying on the point of death, and young Tomkins, who met with the accident two months ago, very bad, and Miss Roberts, and a host of other people waiting for me. It's really a wonder how I get round them all in a day."

"Very well," says Mr. Carlyle, with quiet pertinacity. "I won't keep you. I have come to ask you a very serious question."

Dr. Shearer nods his head vigorously, as if to imply that he is fully ready to listen to it and to adopt the detective's own serious mood.

"There's a rumour out, doctor," goes on Mr. Carlyle, in a very solemn manner and an impressive voice, "that Edward Trethyn is alive after all."

Dr. Shearer flings up his hands in amazement—or rather well-feigned amazement—and excitedly exclaims :

"You don't say so !"

Mr. Carlyle is puzzled. Now, is the doctor serious ? Is it possible that he is merely playing a part. But can men playing a part act so realistically ?

"Yes," he says, slowly, "rumour has it that he is now in this locality."

Dr. Shearer screws up his eyes and looks steadily into the detective's face.

"In this locality ?" he queries, with emphasis.

"Yes."

"Pah ! How absurd !"

"Then you don't believe it ?"

"Do you ?"

"I'm not yet decided upon the point," answers Mr. Carlyle, incautiously ; "but I've very strong suspicions."

"Look at it !" exclaims the doctor. "Let us suppose he is alive, just for argument's sake, you know, and that he is indeed in this locality—"

"Excuse me, doctor," pleads the detective, "but hear me out, and you shall give me your arguments afterwards."

"Go on, then !" says the doctor.

"Rumour has it," proceeds the detective, speaking very slowly, and scrutinizing the doctor's face very sharply indeed, "that you know he is alive ; and, more than that, that you have befriended him and—"

"Me !"

All the time the detective has been speaking Dr. Shearer has shown strong evidences of being surprisingly affected by the detective's words, and it now breaks out into exclamations of amazement.

"Me !" comes from his mouth like a twenty-pound shot from a cannon. "I'd like to see the man that says that. Mr. Carlyle, are you joking ? Just now you thought I was joking, and now I ask you, are you ?"

Mr. Carlyle shakes his head vigorously.

"It is said," he goes on, "that your present assistant could—"

"Could what ?" cries the doctor, impetuously. "See, I'll bring him before you. If he's the man that has befriended a criminal, he shall hear of it, he shall."

With the words on his tongue, he is rushing to the door which leads into the surgery, to summon his assistant, when the detective detains him.

"Look here, Shearer," he says familiarly, "I'm not against Edward

Trethyn. I would screen him myself if I had the chance. In fact, it's his very case that keeps me here in Trethyn. But it's desperately hard to do anything for him unless I can see him and talk with him. My object is to learn from him first-hand of the events which transpired on the night of Squire Trethyn's murder—if murder it were. Now, Shearer, take my word for it. I mean no harm to him. Tell me, then, is not your assistant Edward Trethyn himself ?"

Not even for one fraction of a moment does Dr. Shearer waver—at least, not visibly so. The detective might, indeed, be perfectly honest in all he professes for Edward Trethyn's welfare, but is it not a detective's business to feign and scheme ? At all events, Dr. Shearer cannot trust him, and skilfully maintains his attitude.

"Edward Trethyn himself !" and the doctor laughs outright. "Really, really, Mr. Carlyle," he says, "you are too absurdly laughable ! You must forgive me, but I can't help it," and he again indulges in another burst of laughter. "But you shall see the young man yourself."

Before the detective can stop him he has rushed through the door which leads into the surgery, and there finds his assistant apparently, not in reality, engaged in making up some simple mixtures of medicines.

"Edward, Carlyle's here," whispers the doctor, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder. "There's nothing for it but brazening it out. Thanks to your mother's note of this morning, we are not unprepared for him. Keep up a brave heart, and you'll get through it all very easily and safely."

Meanwhile Mr. Carlyle's suspicions are rapidly getting to the vanishing point. Surely no man could act as the doctor is acting unless he were genuinely in earnest. Mr. Carlyle is puzzled—in fact, is more than puzzled—is outwitted and outmanoeuvred by the clever doctor, and he begins to feel a good bit ashamed of himself.

"Now, sir," cries the bustling doctor, bursting in upon him again, with his assistant following him, "here's my assistant. You can examine him from head to foot, sir, and ask him what you please," and at the words the doctor again laughs heartily and loudly. "I can't help it," he says ; "I really can't. Mr. Percival," addressing his assistant, "this gentleman is the great Detective Carlyle—"

The assistant bows.

"And he's come here after you, sir."

"After me ?"

"Yes ; it seems, sir, you are a deceiver. You are not Mr. Percival after all. Do you know who you are, young man ?"

The assistant raises his eyebrows and smiles faintly, while the detective in vain pleads for the doctor to cease joking.

"Joking !" exclaims Dr. Shearer, "it is you that is the joker, sir. You are a complete master of quips and cranks." Then, turning again to the assistant, he cries with well-feigned indignation, "I ask you, young man, do you know who you are ? It's come to something, sir, if you've forgotten your own identity. How dare you, sir, pretend to be what you are not ? You are Edward Trethyn, the late Squire Trethyn's son, that's who you are !"

"Edward—"

He does not allow his assistant time to reply, but rattles on volubly, "Yes, sir, Edward Trethyn. Now don't attempt to deny it ! Here's Mr. Carlyle says it, and you can't expect a gentleman like this," waving his hand towards the gesticulating detective, "to be wrong. Drowned, sir ! Drowned in the Avon ! You're a nice fellow to come here after that !"

Even the assistant cannot help laughing at the way the doctor puts things, but when he gets a chance he quietly asks for explanations as to what all the excitement and talk means.

"Merely this," replies Mr. Carlyle, seizing the opportunity. "My suspicions were directed to you as—as——"

"As being Edward Trethyn," adds the doctor.

"Yes, as being Edward Trethyn," reiterates the detective ; "but really, Mr. Percival, you must forgive me. We detectives often make mistakes."

Mr. Detective Carlyle now laughs heartily, and, to the doctor's thinking, is rather exuberant in his adieux, though he professes so much sorrow and regret for his unpardonable mistake. But once clear away from the doctor's house, Mr. Carlyle fairly shakes with silent laughter.

"He's a good fellow, after all, is

Shearer," he says to himself between different fits of laughter, "a real good fellow. A true friend and gentleman. But he's just a little bit too fussy. He overdoes things and points the moral. Had he been less enthusiastic I might have been easily deceived. But, as plain as if he had boldly acknowledged it, he has shown me Edward Trethyn. Thanks, Shearer, thanks."

An hour afterwards Mr. Carlyle is closeted with Lawyer Jeffries.

"Is it really so ?" that man of law is asking.

"As certain as anything can be," answers the detective. "He is acting as Shearer's assistant. Of course, he knows nothing of medicine, but the good old doctor manages that. At all events, there he is, and our course is becoming clearer."

Lawyer Jeffries is overcome with surprise and amazement, and does not know how to reply ; but presently he suggests that Sir Charles Montgomery should be let into the secret. To this Mr. Detective Carlyle agrees, and asks the lawyer to name a day and time when he might meet Sir Charles.

"To-morrow," readily answers the lawyer, "say two o'clock. Sir Charles will come here. I'll answer for his attendance. And by to-morrow I shall have had time to think this matter over. But meanwhile, Mr. Carlyle——"

"Meanwhile," says that gentleman, "the young gentleman shall not be troubled or even allowed to guess that his secret is known."

"I have always trusted you, Mr. Carlyle," he says, magnanimously, "and in recommending you to the notice of Lady Trethyn I staked my professional reputation upon your sagacity. Well done, Carlyle ! Go on, sir, go on. It'll not be very long before you get to the bottom of all this mystery."

It is very late and dark long before the detective gets home that night, justly satisfied with his day's work. He little thinks, however, of the fears he has awakened in Edward Trethyn's breast. In vain Dr. Shearer tries to allay them, and tells the troubled fugitive that his secret is as safe as if it were in the keeping of the dead. Edward Trethyn frets and fears.

In the dusk he wanders out and through the park, brooding over the events of the day. Suddenly he is startled by the vision of a man approaching him, and who is already so near that flight would only excite suspicions. The moon has risen, too, and detection seems inevitable. He is appalled, and in his fear stands rooted to the spot. But who is the man ? On he comes to within a few yards from where Edward is pinned, and just then the moonlight reveals the form and face of Stephen Grainger. The agent is coming home from the Manor, where he has been transacting business, and as he comes is brooding over and devising all manner of schemes for discovering the Black Brotherhood, and for bringing the members of it to justice, when suddenly he becomes aware of the figure of a man in the path before him not more than a few paces away. Stephen Grainger, trembling with fear, regards it with horror as he stands as rooted to the spot as the vision itself. He cannot move a limb, he cannot stir a hair, but, overpowered with nameless fear, can only stand and gaze at it. Doubtless it is his own guilty conscience that is plaguing him and throwing him into such abject terror, otherwise there is no palpable reason for it. The figure of a man, lonely met in the lonely park, with the pale moonlight playing fantastic tricks with its face, is scarcely the thing for such a man of nerve and iron as the agent to quail at. But is it a man ? Has the figure substance, or is it some spectral shade of one who has been ? One ? Whom ? Ah, that is the overpowering question, and the name which already forces itself upon the agent's heart agitates his soul and almost chills his blood. Is it Edward Trethyn's ghost ? Yes (and as the agent mentally admits it the large beads of cold perspiration start to his brow), there can be no doubt about that. There he stands, life-like and unmistakable, intensely paler, of course, as a ghost should be, and with haggard look and sunken eyes, but every lineament and feature true to life.

"Stephen Grainger," it says, ghostly it appears to him, while he trembles from head to foot, "I want a word with you."

Is that the voice of the dead or living ? Stephen Grainger cannot tell.

His terror has got the better of him, overmastering his judgment and raising needless fears.

"I want to ask you when these evil times are going to end in Trethyn. Depend upon it, Grainger, they will end, and if you don't bring that end speedily the terrible state of affairs now existing will soon end you."

"The time is coming," proceeds the figure, "when justice will be demanded in full for all this evil you've caused. Unless this strike ends at once, and more kindly treatment is accorded to the people of Trethyn, there'll be no mercy shown you then. But remember——"

But Stephen Grainger is flying from the scene. Not a moment longer will he stay in such a dread presence. Not another ghostly word will he listen to, and he never once stops flying until he has reached his own door.

"Why, what can have happened?" cries his wife on seeing him, pale and agitated, rush into the drawing-room, where she is sitting awaiting his home-coming.

But Stephen Grainger does not answer.

"Stephen, tell me what is wrong!"

Stephen Grainger cannot answer. He is temporarily deprived of speech, and is gasping for breath.

"Stephen, Stephen," pleads his wife passionately, "Can you not speak? What dreadful thing has taken place? Oh, tell me, tell me!"

"I've seen a ghost," presently manages to express, in fearful tones, the terrified agent.

For a moment his wife looks at him in amazement. She can hardly credit her senses.

"Stephen!" she exclaims.

He only nods his head awfully.

"Seen a ghost?"

"Yes," he whispers hoarsely, "Edward Trethyn's ghost."

"Nonsense!" she exclaims. "Stephen, have you taken leave of your senses?"

"You are sure it was Edward Trethyn's ghost?" she asks.

"Yes," he nods.

"And did it speak?"

"Yes."

"It did?"

"Yes."

"What did it say? Did it not tell you it was soon coming into possession again?"

"Didn't it tell you something of the murder?"

"Mrs. Grainger!" exclaims the agent solemnly, a way of address familiar to him when he wishes seriously to impress his wife, "this thing is not one for ridicule."

"But it's so absurd," she protests.

"I tell you," says her husband, "Edward Trethyn's ghost did appear to me to-night."

"Then, what did it want?"

The question puts the agent on his mettle.

"Nothing," he replies.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing for your ears, or anyone's but mine. And remember this, don't you dare breathe of this story to another. Mind!"

He is nearly his old self again, and his wife knows it; knows also that it would be worse than madness to gainsay him, or to any longer lightly treat his words. But she is thoroughly ashamed of him, and contrives to show it in the angry mood in which she returns to her knitting. Her husband does not, however, heed it, but retires from the room. Away he goes and shuts himself up in the little room he designates by the name of office, and there, lonely and alone, he gives way again to despair and fearful imaginings.

"The thing he saw that night was Edward Trethyn's ghost." That is the central point round which all his thoughts turn, and he tells himself that nothing on earth, neither reasonings nor evidence, could ever make him believe differently. Is it possible for a man to doubt his own senses? True, he has always laughed at ghost stories, and ridiculed superstitious people; but a time comes sooner or later in all men's lives when they are compelled by the force of circumstances to change their views of much that they have previously dogmatically held, to look more tolerantly on the ghostly side of things, and to accept what they have hitherto ignored. Stephen Grainger is rapidly coming to that point, if not already come, and long before morning dawns it leads him to resolve to visit Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn in his London home, and to make overtures to him for the ending of the strike.

THE CHURCH AT WORK.

Whatever will lead to a realization of the duties and privileges of Church membership cannot fail to be greatly helpful to the individual Christian and to the Church of God. A new method for this purpose, adopted by the pastor and Official Board of the Metropolitan church in this city, has already proven to be of marked advantage. In connection with the regular communion service membership cards have been issued to all whose names are upon the church roll. This involved, in many cases, personal visitation in the homes by the class-leaders or by visitors appointed to assist them. The result was that never were so many religious calls made in this large congregation as during the busy weeks at the close of the year, and never was there so large an attendance at the covenant and communion service, notwithstanding the cold and stormy weather.

This method brings the membership into closer touch with one another. Opportunities are given for kind words of exhortation to those whose attendance at class-meetings had become lax, and of cordial invitation to persons not members to begin the new year by an earnest purpose to serve God in newness of life. The unity of the Christian brotherhood, the solidarity of the Church of God, is thus emphasized. A deeper meaning is given to the clause of the Creed, "I believe in the communion of saints." The importance, also, of obedience to our Lord's command, "Do this in remembrance of me," is also emphasized.

It also has its effect in reminding the membership of the privilege and obligation of attendance at class, and in making the tie of Christian brotherhood more strongly felt. It is like the military summons, "close up the ranks," or like the exhortation of the apostle, "stand fast in the faith." This means literally "stand in the phalanx" for Christian conflict and conquest. It gives, too, an opportunity for personal effort and for the forward movement of the Church of God. "The object of the Church," says Hugh Price Hughes, is

"NOT TO CODDLE THE SAINTS, BUT TO COLLAR THE SINNERS."

Hence the workers of his great West London Mission go out into the highways and byways, and with a Christian compulsion and persuasion bring the wanderers from God to the Gospel feast. If the Methodist Church and other Churches of this land would but realize their opportunity, would but seek a fresh baptism of power from on high, and go forth feeling the obligation for each individual member to do his uttermost for the extension of God's kingdom, they would become an irresistible force. Many forms of evil that curse our land would be abolished, civic righteousness would be established, and the liquor traffic would be destroyed.

HUSBANDING SPIRITUAL FORCE.

One of the greatest evils of our time is the frivolous superficiality which has become so widespread. It enfeebles the brain and undermines the character. But silly youths are not likely to study these pages. Our readers are in danger from a totally different direction. They are serious, intense, enthusiastic. They do not need to be warned against the stupid idolatry of mere athletics, the demoralizing tendency of realistic novel reading, the fatal effect of everlasting sensuous excitement. But one of their easily besetting sins is to dissipate their spiritual force by attempting too much in too many directions. There are so many fascinating spheres, so many openings for high endeavour, such a bewildering variety of spiritual and social work. We must beware of the Athenian craze for constant novelty. It has been well said that it is an essential part of wisdom to be wisely ignorant of many things. We may surely add that it is an equally essential part to leave many things undone.

It used to be said of the illustrious Dr. Whewell that science was his forte, and omniscience his foible. Let us beware of that foible. We cannot know everything, and we cannot do everything. The boy who greedily grasps at too many apples drops them all. Whatever is worth doing

at all is worth doing well, and most men cannot do anything well unless they concentrate their soul upon it to an extent which forbids them to attempt much else. In every generation there are a few, a very few, Admirable Crichtons who adorn everything they touch, and who touch everything. But they are astonishing exceptions, and not models for the majority of us. Many can drive one horse who cannot drive four. Only one in ten thousand can drive twelve, and he can do so only under favourable circumstances.

"This one thing I do" was the secret of St. Paul's tremendous and smashing impact upon the vast mass of classic heathenism. Our resources are limited, so are our capacities. We must make our choice, and, as Bacon advised with characteristic shrewdness, we should choose what we can do best. With careful training a man could walk on his head for a certain distance, but it is very much better to walk on his feet. Many men do with awkward and immense labour that which they were not created to do, instead of achieving with comparative ease and swiftness their divinely-appointed task.

The first necessity, therefore, is to say with Saul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And if that question is honestly and eagerly asked, Christ will answer it either by direct tuition, or through some unexpected Ananias. The good works which we should do are those, as St. Paul declares, "which God has prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them." We have not to make a path for our own feet. God has, in His eternal purpose, prepared a path for us, and all we have to do is to walk in that prepared path, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. It is not enough to do good works. We must do the particular good works which God wishes us in particular to do. And we shall always find that God never overworks His servants. He never burdens us beyond our strength or beyond our ability.

At present, when the majority of Christians are atrociously lazy, some are obliged to do more than their legitimate share and so to kill themselves prematurely, because, as the Duke of Wellington said in reference to England, "The King's Government must be carried on." If in the industrial world every able-bodied and able-minded person did his share there would be no "eight hours" agitation. Two hours of work by everybody every day would do the work of the world. But as things are, with multitudes of rich and poor basely living in idleness on the toil of others, some must work for twelve and even sixteen hours. So in the spiritual world. But even under these circumstances, nay, specially under these circumstances, hard-worked and over-worked Christians should as carefully as possible husband their spiritual strength.

Such counsels as these are perhaps specially needed by Methodist preachers. Our itinerancy and our intricate machinery greatly facilitate a ruinous dissipation of moral energy. Fifty years ago a Methodist preacher's life was much too circumscribed and monotonous. Then some of our best men read too much theology and too little general literature, and allowed themselves to be cramped in a narrow circuit routine. To-day new prospects, new interests, and new opportunities are springing up on every side. Let our ministers remember they are mortal. Let every man carefully ponder what kind of Christian work he can do best, and as far as possible let him focus his energies on that. Not of course neglecting any known duty, but in the necessary "division of labour" doing that which he does most efficiently.

There is also far too much newspaper, scrappy and desultory reading. Perhaps Wesley's life was too methodically and too mechanically arranged; but he had an extraordinary work to do, and, alas! he had also an extraordinary wife. His mind was essentially business-like. He was so intensely scientific that he was no model for an artistic temperament. Still, all men might learn from him to make the best use of time and opportunity. The present Lord Chief Justice owes his position at the Bar to the fact that he seized the main points of his cases, fixed attention on them, harped on them, and compelled the twelve commonplace men in the jury-box to see the main points. Let us also seize the main facts and main duties of life. Let our work be a perpetual, ever-renewed, ever-changing, but everlasting answer to the question of questions, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—*Methodist Times.*

Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the darkness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!
—*Whittier.*

THE NEW PSALM OF DAVID.

BY ROBERT HIND.

Two years ago, some Egyptian peasants were digging up and carrying away the light soil which is used by the farmers as "top-dressing," in a certain locality in upper Egypt. It appears there was at the place the ruins of a Coptic church and monastery. As they proceeded with their work their tools struck a slab. A little further digging revealed a rectangular stone box fastened in the ground, evidently with considerable care. When the slab forming the lid of the box had been removed, it was found that the contents were not the remains of an ancient Egyptian, as the shape of the box might have led them to expect, but a parcel of books, carefully wrapped in strong linen cloth. The books were two in number, but a peculiar feature of them was that though written upon papyrus, they were bound in strong leather like European books.

These books are now in the hands of the translators in the British Museum, and the work of translation is already considerably advanced. One of the books contains several complete homilies by Fathers of the Monophysite Church, which are likely to throw considerable light on the state of religious thought in Egypt, in a period regarding which little is known at the present time. Valuable as this volume is, however, it cannot be compared in interest to the other, which is a complete copy of the Psalms, written in the Coptic dialect, the language of the descendants of the ancient Egyptians in the times of Christ. Regarding this book, four things are specially worthy of note: (1) The papyrus is well preserved; (2) it is the oldest complete Bible manuscript now in existence; (3) it is the only complete book of the Psalms in existence written in one of the ancient dialects; (4) it contains the 151st Psalm.

The fact last named is of course the most extraordinary. The following is a translation of this additional psalm.

PSALM CLI.

"Written by David after his Combat with Goliath, telling surely how he slew the Oppressor of his race.

"1. I was small among my brethren, and youngest in my father's house. I tended my father's sheep.

"2. My hands formed a musical instrument, and my fingers tuned a psaltery.

"3. And who shall tell my Lord? The Lord Himself, He Himself hears.

"4. He sent forth His angel and took me from my father's sheep, and He anointed me with the oil of His anointing.

"5. My brothers were handsome and tall; but the Lord did not take pleasure in them.

"6. I went forth to meet the Philistine; and he cursed me by his idols.

"7. But I drew his own sword and beheaded him, and removed reproach from the children of Israel."

Although not in the Bibles used at present by the churches of Christendom, this psalm has for many years been known to biblical scholars. Keen discussions about it have taken place in certain circles, but the result was that it came to be believed that it was not genuine. But this new discovery shows that in the first centuries of our era it was regarded as a part of the Psalter by the Christian churches then in existence.—*Primitive Methodist Magazine.*

IMPORTANT BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.

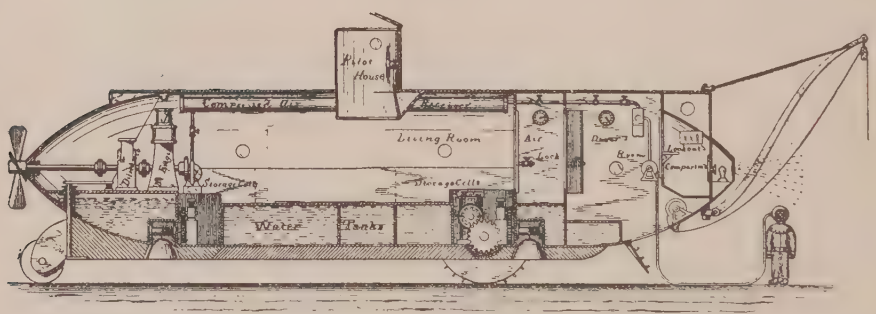
Every biblical scholar knows that the Hebrew account of the Deluge found in Genesis has been paralleled by two Babylonian accounts, one that of Berosus, a Babylonian historian, whose narrative has been handed down to us by early Greek Christian writers, and the other that found on Assyrian tablets by George Smith. Both resemble, and yet both differ from, the Genesis story. Biblical critics have differed as to the age of the biblical story, the more conservative holding that, being written by Moses, it is older than his time and was incorporated by him into the Book of Genesis, while the newer school of critics were, until the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, inclined to believe that the story was borrowed from Nineveh or Babylon at the time of the Captivity or not long be-

fore it, at which time the Book of Genesis was written.

The discovery by George Smith of a full poetical account of the Deluge, on tablets in King Assurbanipal's library at Nineveh, was of immense interest; but it did not assure us of the age of the Deluge story among the inhabitants of the Euphrates Valley; for it was on tablets written in Assurbanipal's reign, that is scarce six hundred years before Christ. The original Babylonian tablets, from which the Assyrian copies were made, were much desired.

Now Père Scheil has made the discovery. It is dated in the reign of Ammizaduga, King of Babylon; and we know that he reigned about 2140 B.C. That is, we have here a precious bit of clay on which was written a poetical story of the Deluge, seven centuries before Moses and about the time of Isaac or Jacob. That is enough to make the discovery memorable. We learn positively that the story of the Deluge was familiar to the common people of Babylonia, and, therefore, of all the East from Syria to Persia. Père Sheil says, this account is only a copy; and no one can say how many centuries one must go back before reaching the historic fact which lies at the base of this cycle of legends and the first narration made of it. The *New York Independent* gives a fac-simile of the inscription.

Science Notes.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF SUBMARINE WRECKING-BOAT.

Our illustration shows the construction and operation of a submarine wrecking-boat which has been designed to enable the whole of the outfit, including divers' quarters and the air-compressing plant, tools, winches, etc., to be placed at the bottom of the ocean in close proximity to a wreck. A wrecking-boat containing a full staff of divers and all the necessary machinery and tools for their work, which is capable of proceeding to the scene of a wreck "under its own steam" and sinking to a good working position alongside the sunken ship, where operations can be carried on uninterruptedly, would be a valuable acquisition in salvage operations.

It is claimed by the builders that the boat would be capable of locomotion over the floor of the ocean, and that this feature renders it particularly valuable in the location of a sunken ship. For this purpose it is provided with a pair of wheels near the bow and a caster steering-wheel at the stern. We do not think that this feature will be practicable except under the ideal conditions of a smooth and hard floor. On a rocky or uneven bottom, or a bottom of extremely soft mud, locomotion would be manifestly impossible. On the other hand, it is but fair to mention that only a small proportion of the dead weight of the boat will rest upon the bottom, the water ballast being so regulated that the buoyancy of the boat will insure only a small weight upon the wheels.

The hull of the boat, which is approximately cigar-shaped, is 36 feet long by 9 feet in diameter, and the submerged displacement is 57 tons. It is strongly built to resist water pressure at depths up to 150 feet. The hull is divided by transverse diaphragms into four compartments—the engine and living-room, the air-lock, the

divers' room and the look-out compartment. The engine and living-room is the largest compartment and occupies about two-thirds of the length. The after part of it is occupied by a gasoline engine and a dynamo which drive the same propeller shaft. In cases where the bottom is judged suitable for locomotion, it is proposed to lower the boat until the ribbed wheels rest upon the bottom with sufficient pressure for traction and propel it by means of the forward motor, which is shown geared to the axle of the forward wheels.

The living-room furnishes accommodation for six men. It is provided with an air compressor and storage tanks, the latter placed, as shown in the diagram, near the roof, which serve to renew the air vitiated by the crew and also to supply the divers when they are at work outside the vessel. When the boat is working at moderate depths, air is supplied through two air-pipe masts, which also serve to show the location of the boat and the direction in which it is travelling. At greater depths the pipe masts are closed and air is drawn in through a suction hose connected to a float on the surface. For the greatest depths the hose can be discarded altogether, and dependence placed upon the air storage tanks. These are of sufficient capacity to supply the crew for a period of forty-eight hours. There is an advantage of course in the use of the pipes or hose in the fact that the boat may remain submerged for an indefinite period of time.

The compartment forward of the living-room is an air lock and is used for giving admission to the divers' room. This room contains a telephone, hose-reel, hoisting engine and all the various tools made use of in wrecking operations. It is practically a divers' workshop with everything provided ready to hand—and instead of his being separated from his assistants he is in close touch with them all the time he is at work.

The forward compartment is practically the pilot house when the boat is submerged. A powerful search light sends a beam of light straight ahead or to either side of the boat.

Entrance is had to the boat through a trap door in the roof, which can be closed down so as to render the boat perfectly dry, even if the surface should be broken with waves. Water is let into tanks to sink the boat and blown out of them when it is desired to rise.

Strange Streams of Wheat.

The "belt conveyers" used to carry wheat in some of the huge grain stores in Brooklyn, are described in the *Scientific American*. They consist of belts, formed of canvas and rubber, thirty inches broad, and running over horizontal rollers. At the point where a stream of wheat falls upon one of these belts, the edges of the

BELT CONVEYERS.

latter are turned up for a short distance by a pair of rollers placed above the general level. But the grain quickly acquiries a momentum in a straight line, which prevents it from falling off the swiftly moving flat belt, and thus, in an unbroken stream, it is carried from one end of the great warehouse to the other. When it is desired to discharge the wheat from the belt into a hopper, a movable frame called a "tripper" runs on a track underneath the belt. The tripper carries a roller on each side, one being placed much above the level of the belt; the latter rises in a curve, passing over the upper roller and beneath the lower one, and the sudden change of direction causes the wheat to shoot from the belt into the hopper.

Lord Kelvin holds that the internal heat of the earth has nothing to do with climates. The earth, he says, might be of the temperature of white-hot iron two thousand feet below the surface, or at the freezing point fifty feet below, without at all affecting a climate.

A great photographic camera for taking full-length life-size portraits has been made and used with much success by a Dublin firm. The camera takes a plate seven feet high and five feet wide.

Oil is supplied to light-houses on the Denmark coast to be pumped on the waves during storms.

THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS.*

ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

From "Cairo, the City of the Caliphs."

Cairo is the largest city in Africa, and one of the most interesting in the world. It has a population of nearly half a million, and nowhere else do the East and West so strangely meet and mingle as here. No other city that I have seen is so full of life and colour—especially colour. The street scenes present an inexhaustible fund of novelty and delight. Cairo has been described as a Mosaic of the most fantastic and bizarre description, in which all nations, customs and epochs are represented—all phases of Oriental and Occidental life, of civilization and barbarism, of paganism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. The busy traffic of the Muski, the chief business thoroughfare, presents an interminable ravelled and twisted string of men, women and animals, of walkers, riders and carriages of every description.

The volume under review is one of the most sumptuous and elegant devoted to the subject. So dainty is its gold-and-white binding that the publishers have enclosed it in three separate cases. A

* "The City of the Caliphs." A Popular Study of Cairo and its Environs, and the Nile and its Antiquities. By Eustace A. Reynolds-Ball, B.A., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Pp. 335. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $3.00.

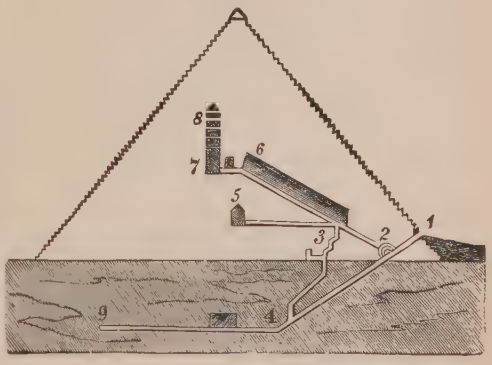
score of illustrations of the things best worth seeing in Egypt, of which we print an example, embellish the volume. The title only in part reveals its scope. Its twenty-five chapters give an historic outline of the land of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and the Caliphs; describe the making of Egypt, the story of the Suez Canal, the many aspects of Cairene life, the pyramids, the City of the Sacred Bulls, the wonderful river Nile, "which flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream," with its tombs, temples and forsaken cities.

The writer is a shrewd observer and records vividly the results of his acute perception. This is one of the most delightful voyages that anyone can undertake. It is almost without fatigue, the air is pure and dry, and the ruined tombs and temples are within easy donkey-ride from the shores.

The pyramids at a distance are rather a disappointment. "Is that all," we cannot help saying as we catch glimpses of them through the trees. But as we ride on mile after mile and they seem to come no nearer, their vastness gradually impresses itself upon the mind. As we leave the carriage and climb the long sandy slope which leads up to its base, the Great Pyramid looms up larger and larger, and crowds out every other object with its stupendous size. The sides of this pyramid, as is well known, are not a smooth slope, the casing stones having been removed for the building of old and new Cairo. They consist of a series of gigantic steps about a yard or more high. The most impressive thought, however, is that of the antiquity of these gigantic structures. Napoleon thrilled the hearts of his soldiers by the phrase, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." More recent researches carry their origin back at least a thousand years further. They were already hoary with age when Abraham made his first visit to Egypt.*

One is beset at once by a swarm of guides whose swarthy faces contrast vividly in the bright sunlight with their white turbans and white cotton gowns. The Arabs can do nothing quietly. They all shout at once at the top of their voices, and seem to quarrel among themselves for the possession of our persons. "Me Mark-a Twain," says one, "me your man." But we make a bargain with the Arab sheik of the pyramids, who assigns to each of us three guides to take us up to the top. With their help the ascent is by no means difficult. One takes hold of each hand, and another "boosts" one up behind, as we climb from one gigantic step to another.

Ever wider and wider grows the horizon, and after about twenty minutes' climb we reach the top. This is a space thirty feet square, with some big blocks of stone and a flagstaff rising in the middle. Arab boys are here with water in porous jars, and their chaffer and chatter about their bother-



SECTION OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

1. Entrance. 2. Ancient door. 3. Shaft. 4. Subterranean Chamber. 5. Queen's Chamber. 6. Great Hall. 7. King's Chamber. 8. Hollows to Relieve Weight. 9. Blind Gallery.

some "anteekas" distract one's attention as one looks over the limitless stretch of yellow sand to the far Libyan hills, and the tawny Nile sweeping through the narrow strip of fertile land on either side, and tries to think of its wonderful past.

At last we turned to descend. My special guide tied a girdle around my waist, the ends of which two men held while I leaped from ledge to ledge. Near the foot of the slope is an opening, which looks like a mere mouse-hole in the mass

* This Pyramid of Cheops is 482 feet high, and its base 768 feet square. It contains near y 90,000,000 cubic feet of masonry. It weighs nearly 7,000,000 tons, and covers about thirteen acres. It is said 360,000 men were employed twenty years in its erection. The summit is now about thirty feet lower than when it was complete. An oriental myth enthrones in the pyramid a presiding goddess who allures men to their ruin like the German Lorelei. She is thus commemorated by Moore:

"Fair Rhodope, as the story tells,
The bright unearthly nymph who dwells
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid."

There are some thirty pyramids in Egypt, but all of them are of a smaller size than that of Cheops, most of them much smaller.

of masonry. We entered and went down a steep slope, worn smooth as glass by the feet of countless generations of explorers. Each of us carried a candle and slid and stumbled along in the stifling atmosphere in a passage of 3 ft. 4 inches in height, and 3 ft. 11 inches wide, descending at an angle of twenty-six degrees, where we had to stoop almost double. At length we reached the great gallery, 155 feet long, 28 feet high, and 7 feet wide, built of huge blocks of polished syenite, so close-jointed that not a knife-edge can penetrate the cracks, and ascended to the king's chamber, 34 feet long, 17 broad, and 19 feet high. Before us lay the empty sarcophagus, 7 feet long, and over 3 feet wide and high, which once held the mummied form of the great Cheops, for whose glory this vast sepulchre was built.

A lot of rubbish has been written about the astronomical, religious, and prophetic significance of the pyramids, about this sarcophagus in particular, as a measure of capacity, and about the measurements of the great gallery and orientation of the structure as having mystical meanings. This "religion of the pyramids" has been thoroughly exploded by the most recent and careful scientific investigation.

British occupation of Egypt has been of incalculable benefit to this old land. Neither Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, or Moslem conqueror has ever wielded so beneficent a rule. The elevation and betterment of the people are an ample vindication of that prolonged occupancy at which the rivals of Britain so carp and gibe.

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE APOCALYPSE.*

BY REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

Whoever throws real light upon the Book of Revelation deserves to take high rank among the Church's creditors. To most readers of the Bible, this part of the sacred canon, with the exception of the opening and possibly the closing chapters, is a sealed book. It is be feared, too, that not a few students of the Holy Scriptures have conceived a distaste for the major part of the Apocalypse, by reason of the fanciful treatment it has received at the hands of many of its professed interpreters. A sane interpretation of this book accordingly deserves a warm welcome. This is what, in our judgment, Dr. Ames, has given us.

His point of view, if not absolutely novel, is certainly comparatively fresh. Rejecting theories of interpretation "which would make of" the Book of Revelation "an epitome of history, either as confined to particular epochs or as a whole, and which presuppose its design to be the prediction of events, great or small, in the progress of the world or the Church," our author asserts his conviction that "a single theme" and "a well-preserved unity" characterize the Apocalypse. Its theme is the Kingdom of Christ as viewed in the light of the teachings of the Old Testament, the doctrine of the King, and of direct revelations made to St. John himself.

In the letters to the seven churches of Asia, Dr. Ames finds a portrait of the Kingdom as it was in apostolic times and as it is now. In the emblem and opening of the seals, he discovers the fundamental principles on which the Kingdom is based. We have next unfolded the means by which the Kingdom is advanced, in the section beginning with chapter viii. 2, and closing with chapter xi. The dragon and wild beasts are emblems of the foes which the Kingdom must meet and subdue in its march toward victory. In the vision of the vials, and of the doom of Babylon, we have the counterfeit of the kingdom. This is followed by an account, in the twentieth chapter, of the "progressive steps by which the ideal kingdom is to be realized;" while in the concluding chapters, an inspired portrait of the ideal Kingdom is presented to the reader.

It may be admitted that our author occasionally bends the facts to his theory, and it is of course open to debate whether his interpretation is justified by his argument. We think that Dr. Ames has made out a good case, and commend his volume to our readers.

Greater accuracy in proof-reading should be observed in future editions.

* "The Revelation of St. John the Divine." An Interpretation. By A. H. Ames, M.D., D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Pp. 280. Price, 90 cents.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.*

The Rhine is the most interesting river in Europe. It has not the length or volume of the Danube or the Volga, nor the historic associations of the Arno or the Tiber. Yet more than any other river in the world it is haunted with stories and traditions. Every crag and cliff and ruined tower is rich in legendary lore. These grim, barren strongholds have been the scene of many a stern conflict. The Rhinefels alone was besieged for fifteen months by twenty-four thousand men. Other ruined strongholds we pass whose vacant windows stare like the eye-less sockets of a skull, where once wild ritters kept their wild revels :

COLOGNE.—BRIDGE OF BOATS.

And many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

* "Legends of the Rhine." By H. A. Guerber. New York : A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles passed below;
But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

The name, Hungry Wolf, of one of these robber castles is significant of its ancient rapacity. The Lurlie Rock recalls the lovely siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair, lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. Heine's song on this subject is one of the most popular:

Sie kammt es mit goldenem kamme,
Und singt ein lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige melodei.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings so plaintively;
O potent and strange are the accents
Of that wild melody.

According to a legend, the Niebelungen treasure is buried beneath the Lurlenberg, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off. The fair daughters of the Schönburg, for their stony-heartedness, were changed, says another legend, into the group of rocks named the Seven Virgins.

Nor are they without their tales of love and pathos. The tear-compelling story of Count Roland and Hildegunde touches the hearts of the most unromantic as they sail beneath the crumbling arch of Rolandsbogen, from which the sorrow-stricken knight watched the funeral procession of the peerless Hildegunde, who had become a nun in the ivied kloster of Nonnenwerth.

About a hundred traditions and legends of the Rhine, the Moselle, the Main, the Neckar are told in Mr. Guerber's fascinating volume. Like the wallflowers and ivy that adorn and festoon the grim old castles of the Rhine are these flowers of song and story which soften the stern tale of war and blood. They bring with them the breath of long-past summers and make us feel the pulsings of life beneath the cerements of the grave and give us proof that "in all ages every human heart is human."

The book is illustrated with forty engravings, one of which we give—the impressive view of Cologne, with its bridge of boats, the great Church of St. Martin, and beyond it the mighty Minster, with its legends of the Three Kings, and the Church of St. Ursula, with its story of the Eleven Thousand Virgins.

SOUL LONGING.

BY WILLIAM STRONG.

From out the vast treasure-store of knowledge
Give me one gem-thought, glittering and bright—
Not a dark, mystic, nebulistic theory
But burning fact, to chase the dreary night.

Those distant lamps, hung out through all the ages
As lights for those who cross the billowy sea,
Amongst them all there surely must be one
To cast a gleam on life's dark path for me.

To-day, when time and space no longer hinder
Communion with the one-time distant strand,
May I not grope through the uncertainties
And feel the touch of the all-powerful hand?

As earth with all that's earthy, groweth older,
And sensuous pleasures lack the power to allure,
Give me a better hold on the abiding,
Make the eternal certainties more sure.

As care and sorrow cut their furrows deeper
In me, and in the faces that I love,
Give us a steadier, surer, brighter vision
Of the perennial youth enjoyed above.

Hamilton, Ont.

ANNALS OF SWITZERLAND.*

TELL'S CHAPEL, LAKE LUCERNE.

It is curious that no concise English account of the romantic and interesting history of Switzerland has been published till Mrs. Colton supplied the need. The growth of the Helvetian Republic, its conflict with the great military powers by which it is surrounded, its heroic struggle for civil and religious liberty, its noble record as the refuge for the oppressed from every clime, especially as furnishing an asylum for the Protestant refugees from England and Scotland when they could find one nowhere else, give a fascination to the annals of the Swiss.

Although Voltaire and other iconoclasts of history, pronounce as legendary the story of William Tell, yet our author gives good reason for maintaining its veracity. As early as 1308 a memorial chapel was erected on Tell's Platte and ever since on that spot religious service has been celebrated. The story of the apple, which occurs in other legends, is not a necessary part of the history of Tell.

A few years ago the present writer made a pilgrimage along the Axenstrasse to Tell's Chapel. With quickened pulse of expectation, we descended the cliff to the site of the far-famed chapel, so familiar in pictures. But what was our disappointment to find not one stone left on another! That great modern destroyer of the romantic, a railway, was being constructed along the lake margin, and the time-honoured chapel, said to be six hundred years old, had been removed. A workman showed me the plans of a brand-new one which was to be erected near the spot; which I felt to be almost a sacrilege. The book is illustrated with twenty-seven engravings, of which we present an example.

* "Annals of Switzerland." By Julia M. Colton. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

BOOKS.

Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thought of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
—*Longfellow*

The World's Progress.

THE STEAM-SLED LINE OF THE YUKON RIVER.

Steam Snow-Sleds.

A company has been organized in Chicago to operate a steam snow-sled line between St. Michael's and Dawson City, Alaska, a distance of 1,885 miles. It is proposed to carry both passengers and freight, and the first locomotive is now under construction in Chicago. It is claimed that a train can be propelled across the snow and ice carrying 100,000 pounds of merchandise, or 250 passengers.

The fuel used in the locomotive and for heating purposes will be wood, which grows in abundance all through that country. The steering gear is a chain attached to the forward sleds of the locomotive, and running over a wheel in the pilot-room, and is operated by the pilot, the same as on a steamer. The weight of the locomotive rests on the sleigh-runners, independent of the drivers. The drive-wheels are each on an independent axle, are driven by separate engines, and play in a sprocket, which will allow them to drop into low places or rise over small obstructions without disturbing the equilibrium of the locomotive.

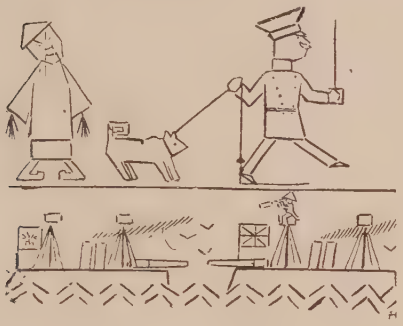
To most readers the prospect looks like an impossible one. The projectors admit that they are to face many serious obstacles, but seem confident of success. If the plan should prove to be feasible, a great problem in transportation would be solved.—*Epworth Herald.*

No Backdown.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is said to be an irascible old gentleman who sometimes says more than he means. Perhaps that was the case when he blurted out the ugly word of war against Russia, France, and Germany in the event of certain contingencies affecting England's trade in the Far East. The belligerent threat was re-echoed in all the music halls by the unthinking rabble, who little know what war means. The calmer utterance of Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords took somewhat the edge off this truculent threat. While standing firmly by Britain's treaty rights, which he declared were being thoroughly safeguarded, the noble marquis read a lesson to the jingos who wish to settle England's foreign policy by means of music hall ditties. Conscious strength and conscious right never bluster. Britons do not need to imitate the government by mob that has plunged France into more than one dreadful war, and has wrecked so many ministries.

We heard it said that Britain had backed down from her demand that Talien Wan shall be a free port. Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords said: "I have received spontaneous assurances from the Russian Government that any port they opened in China will be open to free commerce. The German Government went further, and were more

flattering to us, for the German ambassador told me they had concluded that our manner of dealing with such things was better than theirs, and that in this instance, at any rate, they intended to imitate our methods."



One of the leading English journals prints the accompanying amusing illustration of the attitude of the powers in the East. Poor China seems completely demoralized by the Kaiser's capture of Kiao-Chau, which, it seems, is also the word for dog. In the lower part of the picture the British and German ships are shown on a rather tumbling sea, with a British admiral at the masthead taking observations.

Canada and the Empire.

Turning his attention to Canada, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach read us a somewhat peremptory lecture on our duty to the Empire. His lecture, we think, was unneeded. Canada stood firmly for the Empire in quarrels not her own making in the wars of 1776-83, of 1812-15, and in the rebellion of 1837, and the Fenian raid of 1866. She has distinguished sons in every branch of the naval and military service, and in time of need will not be found wanting in devotion to the mother land. Our great railway from sea to sea will prove a vast military advantage were the Suez canal blocked, as it might be by a hundred pounds of dynamite, in time of war.

Canada's generous offer of preferential duty to Great Britain against all the world, by strengthening the ties of commerce and increasing the food supply of the Empire will be a vast advantage in defence of both countries. It has been suggested that Canada, like Cape Colony, contribute a ship to the royal navy. More valuable would it be to contribute a few hundreds of hardy Nova Scotian fishermen to the under-manned vessels of the royal navy.

More practical and more profitable to ourselves and to the mother land would be a generous Canadian contribution to the Pacific cable scheme, adding another electric nerve to those by which the world-wide Empire is connected.

Great Britain in the East.

The generous stand of Great Britain in the interests of the commerce of the world has called forth hearty expressions of American sympathy. The *Western Christian Advocate* says: "Really, the immense resources of the mother country seem to be immensely taxed; Africa, India, China, tremendous interests everywhere imperilled. A less colossal Power would despair. But old England calmly faces the threatening forces which dispute her progress, and not for one moment questions her ability to take them jointly or severally, as they elect. She prefers peace, but will fight for it if she must."

"The attitude of Great Britain," says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "must win the sanction of the world's public opinion, for its equity, its protest against the abuse of military ascendency, its fairness toward the minor commercial nations, its protection to China against forcible invasion, and its tendency to confine the coming progress of Eastern commerce within pacific regulation. The moral force of this warning is worth more than an army for staying the aggressive schemes of Russia and Germany."

"The British Minister," says the New York *Nation*, "is a splendid contrast to the two 'war lords' who are wandering round the earth seeking ports to close, markets to monopolize, and commerce for themselves only. It is a lucky thing for civilization that England has enough 'sea power' to make her declarations good."

"Of all the European powers," says the New York *Tribune*, "Great Britain is the one that stands for equal rights in international dealings. Wherever the British flag is raised there is freedom. When Great Britain secures the opening of another Chinese port or the free navigation of a river it is not for herself alone, but for all comers on equal terms."

Britain's Sea Cables.

In connection with the article in this number on the Atlantic cable, it is in-

teresting to note that of the 162,000 miles of submarine cable in the world, 120,000 are owned by Great Britain, 15,000 by other European nationalities, and 22,000 by American companies.

It is curious, too, that the laying of the Atlantic cable rendered useless a scheme on foot at the time for constructing an overland cable through Canada, Alaska and Siberia. Scores of vessels were engaged in carrying supplies up the Stikeen and Yukon, and tons of wire and insulators were abandoned in the woods. The Indians found the wire quite a treasure-trove for making fish hooks and the like. The same route is now being largely adopted for the telegraph to the Klondike.

The Kaiser in Palestine.

The report is being circulated, says the New York *Christian Advocate*, that the Sultan of Turkey is determined to send 15,000 soldiers to Palestine in honour of the Emperor William's visit there. If this be true, it continues with genial satire, it seems to be in the nature of compensation for conspicuous services rendered to the Sultan by the Emperor William, "most serene emperor, most powerful king and lord," "our most serene, mighty, beloved emperor, king and master forever and ever," in his recent unpleasantness with Greece and "the powers."

The Turk is at his old trick in Thessaly, destroying villages, making desolation, and calling it peace. He has been carrying off, too, spoils of classic antiquity for his barbaric museum at Constantinople.

Hysterical Politics.

Our French friends are surely getting hysterical over the Dreyfus question. Count Esterhazy proclaims that: "If Dreyfus were ever to set his foot in France again, there would be one hundred thousand corpses of Jews on the soil, if Zola is acquitted there will be a revolution in Paris, and the people will put me at their head in a massacre of the Jews."

The crowd who cheered such insane sentiments are surely losing their sanity. Yet the massacres of St. Bartholomew, the Revolution, the *Coup d'État*, and the Commune, show to what lengths this excitable people may go.

The Maine Tragedy.

The hearty sympathy of all civilized nations will be extended to the United States in view of the tragical disaster to the battleship "Maine." There seems no doubt that its destruction was the result of an accidental explosion; it would be unjust to suspect anything else without positive proof. An iron ship in a southern harbour, subject to direct sunlight, becomes intensely hot between decks. When to this is added the artificial heat of even banked fires, the explosive point of coal gas can readily be reached. This tragedy is only a faint foreshadowing of what will probably result in the naval battle, when half a score of ironclads might go to the bottom in half an hour.

To the Klondike.

The golden loadstone is attracting from the ends of the earth thousands of adventurers to the Arctic Eldorado of Canada. It will need a firm hand to maintain order among the thousands of gold seekers, some of them of a lawless and turbulent character. The efforts of the Canadian Government to gain ready access to the country by a wholly Canadian route, and to preserve the Pax Britannica among Outlanders of every race, will doubtless maintain the supremacy of British law that prevails beneath the Union Jack in every land where it floats. Not too soon will the missionaries of our own and other churches be on hand to give the ministrations of religion to the mining camps which will so greatly need them.

We apprehend much suffering, many disappointments, and not a few heart-breaking tragedies. Mr. Ogilvie estimates that of the 100,000 persons who may go 85,000 will be disappointed. His estimate of the gold product in ten years is $100,000,000. That divided among two hundred thousand people would be five hundred dollars each, and it would cost them more than that to get it. We are afraid the reaction of this boom will be disastrous to Canada. While it lasts it may create a feverish excitement, but the bitter disappointment of thousands will make them curse the country whose staple industries of agriculture and forestry they rejected for the gold mining lottery with its few splendid prizes and its many total blanks.

If our American friends will be so unneighbourly, in violation of treaty rights, as to forbid transhipment of Canadian freight at Port Wrangel — a very appropriate name for such unneighbourly treatment—some *interim* arrangement will have to be made for the

present, and a strictly all-Canadian route extended to Fort Simpson. Certainly some *modus vivendi* can be found.

The Great Strike Ended.

After many months of industrial war—for such it was—between the British engineers and their employees, the great strike is over. The loss of wages during these months of enforced idleness amounted to many millions, and the loss to the country from contracts going elsewhere amounted to vastly more. Worst of all was the alienation and bitterness between employers and employed, and the pinching poverty and penury of helpless women and children. Surely some board of conciliation or arbitration might be devised for the prevention of such evils. Not the commercial rivalry of Belgium or Germany is to be feared so much as the suicidal folly of such wasteful intestine war.

Victoria University.

We have seldom read a more masterly refutation than that by Chancellor Burwash of the attacks on Victoria University. He shows that, so far from being opposed to Toronto University, it is the only university in the country which has federated with the provincial institution; that as a theological school Victoria has no representation in the University Senate as Knox, Wycliffe, and St. Michael's have; that there is absolutely no such political unity in Methodism as obtains in other churches—that there is no Methodist vote in the interest of any government. Victoria has been accused of being sectarian and anti-scientific. The Chancellor shows that this is absolutely untrue. Both in the composition of her faculty and of her student *clientèle*, and in the spirit of her teaching she is broad and catholic and liberal. Instead of being anti-scientific, she established the first chair of science in Ontario; she erected the first building devoted exclusively to the teaching of science; and many of her students now occupy foremost places in the teaching of science; and none are more broadly in sympathy with the spirit and methods of true science. This discussion cannot fail to show how reasonable are the claims of Victoria for a true federation, and for a federal representation in the Senate of the Provincial University.

A Million for Missions and Education.

The suggestion of Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., that the three million British Wesleyans should contribute the sum of one million pounds for connexional purposes as a memorial of the close of the century was received enthusiastically in Great Britain. The Rev. George Bond, editor of the *Wesleyan*, asks if the Methodism of the Dominion "cannot raise a million dollars to begin the new century with more adequate facilities for our church to do the great work to which it is providentially called in our growing Canada, and far beyond it? What a magnificent thing it would be. What an impetus it would give to all our interests. Is it too much to suggest, too much to hope for? Assuredly not. We have considerably over a quarter of a million of members in the Dominion. Counting three adherents to one member we have at least eight hundred thousand persons within our denomination. An average of little over a dollar for everyone bearing the Methodist name would give us the sum suggested. Let us raise it."

Editor Bond suggests Missions and Higher Education as the great objects to be thus aided.

Death of Miss Willard.

As we go to press comes, what will bring to millions the sense of personal loss, the tidings of the death of Miss Frances E. Willard. One of the most touching evidences of the universal love in which she was held is the fact that during her short illness telegrams and cablegrams of tender inquiry poured in from all parts of the world. This noble-hearted woman, undowered with fortune, untitled in rank, was one of the best beloved in the wide world. Such universal love is the reward of her unselfish and unstinted devotion to a noble ideal. Our common Methodism may be proud of such a noble example of womanhood.

Queen *versus* Kaiser.

We observe that the other day Her Majesty the Queen, the ruler of the greatest empire in the world, was fined five shillings by a London magistrate for violation of the law, in permitting one of her dogs to go unmuzzled on the street, to the danger of her lieges. The fine was paid, and the majesty of the law was vindicated.

Contrast with this the petty persecution of his subjects by Kaiser William. We quote from *Zion's Herald*, as follows: "The august majesty of Kaiser Wilhelm II. suffered in dignity during the first five years of his reign (from 1889 to 1895) by reason of gibes and criticisms on the part of his subjects, 4,965 times; at least, that number of persons were duly tried, convicted, and sentenced for that 'crime' in the period named. To expiate their offence a total imprisonment of 1,239 years was endured, reckoning the offenders of the first four years only. Some of these were children under fifteen years of age. Just at present some seventy German editors are behind the bars for the same offence."

Does the Kaiser think that he is maintaining his dignity by sending women and children to prison? It reminds us very much of the Emperor Caligula, who made his horse his consular colleague, and required imperial honour to be rendered the quadruped. When the Kaiser makes himself the laughing-stock of Europe by inhaling with such zest the Byzantine adulation of his sycophants and flatterers, it is hard for an editor with any sense of humour to avoid indulging in a gibe and jeer.

Book Notices.

The Service of God. Sermons, Essays, and Addresses. By Samuel A. Barnett. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. Pp. 346. Price, $2.00.

The theme of this book is, "The service of God is the service of men." The writer has had twenty-five years experience of his fellow-men in East London. His conclusion is that goodwill among men depends upon the knowledge of God, that, to use the formula of Robert Hall, the "Soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." The volume is one of high philosophy inspired by broad human sympathy and guided by Christian principles. The literary form of these chapters is admirable. Some are reprinted from the Contemporary or Nineteenth Century Reviews, others are sermons preached before the University at Oxford, and others are practical talks springing out of Toynbee Hall experience. One of the finest developments of modern Christian altruism is the residence among the poor of men of Christian culture in such institutions as Toynbee Hall and University settlements. Two thoughtful papers are upon Britain's relation to the Indian and remoter Eastern problems.

British Columbia and the Canadian Yukon. By R. E. Gosnell, Librarian of Legislative Assembly and Secretary of Bureau of Statistics, Victoria, B.C. Octavo. Pp. 500. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, $2.50; paper, $2.25.

The Yukon and the Klondike are perhaps at present the two best known words throughout the civilized world. Our cousins of British Columbia have risen to the occasion and have published the most comprehensive and ambitious colonial year-book ever issued, we believe, in the British Empire. The hand-book of the Dominion, issued by the Ottawa Government, is a modest pamphlet compared with it. This volume has 100 pages of historical review, a full account of the physical characteristics, forest wealth, fisheries, agriculture, mines and mining, including the Cariboo, Lillooet, and Kootenay regions, trade and finance, the Indian tribes, and last, but certainly not least, an account of the Yukon and Klondike regions. The book has eighty pages of well-printed illustrations and large folding maps of the country, including the first authentic map of the Canadian Yukon. This year-book is a splendid evidence of the enterprise of the Pacific Province. Only five thousand are published, and most of these are already absorbed.

What Gunpowder Plot Was. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, D.C.L., LL.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

In these days of destructive criticism certain Roman Catholic writers deny that there was any Gunpowder Plot at all. How plausible such negative criticism may be is shown in Archbishop Whateley's famous historic doubts as to the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. Dr. Gardiner's book is an exhaustive

treatment of the whole subject with citations from original documents, with pictures, maps and sections of the famous vaults, and of the house occupied by the conspirators. The book is a revelation of the religious and political rancour of the times. It is a quaint illustration of the persistence of customs in Great Britain that after nearly three hundred years the well-guarded vaults are regularly inspected with lighted lanterns, and a courier promptly despatched to the Queen to inform her that no gunpowder has been discovered.

Children's Ways. Being Selections from the Author's Studies of Childhood, with some Additional Matter. By JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Limited.

The psychology of childhood has received much attention in recent times. Our own Professor Tracy, of Toronto University, has made it a special study. So have other great educationists. It not only throws light on the New Psychology, but also on the study of child development and the art of teaching. Dr. Sully's is a most entertaining and instructive book. He describes the child at play and at work, its realm of fancy and storyland, and the mysteries of Dolldom, the important work of learning a language, building sentences, and acquiring thoughts of the natural world, of self, and other mysteries of the supernatural and unseen, of God and of religion; the battle with fears, the struggle of good and and evil in the young soul, and the grappling with the infinite problems of life. A number of amusing stories are told, and over a score of child drawings are given illustrating the development of the art feeling. Some of these suggest the early Assyrian or Egyptian pictures. No one has better interpreted the thinking of childhood than Robert Louis Stephenson and Eugene Field in their children's poems.

Santa Teresa. An Appreciation. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

It seems blessedly characteristic of our times that the essential spirit of the Gospel, which is the spirit of love, is making it possible for Christians of widely separated communions to understand and esteem each other. A man does not cease to be an evangelical Protestant when he learns to admire the saintly lives of many of the prominent characters, men and women, of Roman Catholicism. Dr. Whyte is a good Presbyterian, and yet, in this daintiest of little volumes, publishes an enthusiastic "Appreciation" of a Spanish nun.

Teresa was a lady of high social position, of singular intellectual power, of great literary skill, of the noblest devotion to God, and of the richest experience of communion with God. She lived from 1515 to 1582, and formed one of the remarkable galaxy of men and women who did much to reform the Roman Church from within and so save it from Protestant assault from without.

Having herself found a "religious house" to be no better than "a short cut to hell," as she describes the convent life of her time, she set herself the enormous task of correcting abuses in the monastic establishments of Spain, and by her quite extraordinary influence largely succeeded in her undertaking.

Dr. Whyte tells the story of her career in a fascinating manner, though very briefly, and then adds extracts from the writings of Teresa. From this little book we may learn valuable lessons "in self-knowledge and in self-denial, in humility and in meekness, and especially in unceasing prayer for ourselves and others."

F. H. W.

Pierre and His People. Tales of the Far North. By GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Price, $1.25.

In this book Mr. Parker says he has tried to feel his way toward the heart of that strange adventurous life of the great North-West, half civilized, half savage, which is being rapidly swept away by the progress of the railways and the Klondike boom. Pierre is a typical example of the blended French and Indian races. A vivid description is given of his faults and virtues, and of the life of trapper, trader, clerk, and factor in the great Hudson's Bay region, a region as vast as the whole of the United States. Our brave Mounted Police figure prominently in these tales of adventure. This is the second volume of the Canadian copyright edition of Gilbert Parker's Canadian tales.

The Wars of the Huguenots. By WILLIAM HANNA, D.D. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 344.

It was one of our literary ambitions to write the history of the Church in the

Desert—the heroic story of the Huguenots ; but more pressing duties have prevented the fulfilment of that purpose. Prof. Baird, by his four large volumes, has rendered it unnecessary, but that book is too exhaustive both for the time and patience of the reader as well as the subject. For a compendious account Dr. Hanna's "Wars of the Huguenots" leaves nothing to be desired. It is concise, yet, for most readers, sufficiently full, is clear in statement, and vivid in narration.

Thro' Lattice Windows. By W. J. Dawson. London : Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, $2.10.

The writer of these sketches is a well-known minister of the Congregational Church, who spent some of the earlier years of his life in the Wesleyan Conference. He draws upon his ministerial experiences to give vivid pictures of village life in an English midland county. There is a touch of genius in some of his sketches, but some of them are rather sombre in character, representing the pessimistic feeling of this *fin-de-siècle* age. The robust piety and missionary enthusiasm of Solomon Gill is in a more cheery strain.

Beckside Lights. By John Ackworth. London : Charles H. Kelly. Toronto : William Briggs.

The series of "Clog Shop Chronicles" by this author has been an extraordinary success in Great Britain. This continuation of sketches of Methodist life in Lancashire will be read with no less interest. They are tales of life among the lowly, the "short and simple annals of the poor," with their pathos and their tragedy, their humour and their tears. They show the power of Methodism in transforming rude lives and brightening and improving dark scenes.

The Story of Mr. Gladstone's Life. By Justin McCarthy. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Company, Limited ; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $2.50.

This sumptuously printed and splendidly illustrated volume is a noble tribute, by one who knew him well, to the foremost British statesman of his time—the "Grand Old Man," not of England merely, but of the English-speaking world. Now that his life-work is well-nigh done—and a "good day's darg" it has been—little can be added to this summary. The numerous portraits of persons and pictures of places intimately related to the life of this great man very much enhance the value of the volume.

Brief Outlines of Christian Doctrine. Designed for Senior Epworth Leagues and all Bible Students. By the Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, 30 cents.

This little book is a marvel of compression. It is a whole system of Christian doctrine in sixty-seven pages. These terse, strong, clear statements were contributed by request to the New York *Christian Advocate*, the chief organ of American Methodism. We heartily commend them for use by our young Leaguers and Bible students in our Sunday-schools.

Martin Luther. By Gustav Freytag. Translated by Henry E. O. Heinemann. Chicago ; The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto : William Briggs. Cloth, $1.00.

We have had a great many lives of Luther by English writers, but no one can so well sympathize with his point of view as his own countrymen. Luther is the most heroic figure in the sixteenth century. This concise sketch of his life gives a fresh and vigorous presentation of the monk that shook the world.

Racing and Chasing. By Alfred E. T. Watson. Illustrated. London : Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

The Fall of the Sparrow. By M. C. Balfour. London : Methuen & Co. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. Limited.

We beg to call especial attention to the valuable article on the "School of the Twentieth Century" in this number, by James L. Hughes, Esq., Inspector of Public Schools for the City of Toronto. Mr. Hughes is acknowledged to be one of the best authorities on the philosophy of education on this continent. He is in much request at the great pedagogical gatherings. This paper has been read and discussed at the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of the Normal School at Toronto and at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Milwaukee. It makes one regret that he was not born in the twentieth century to share the benefit of such sound philosophy and wise training.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference of 1897 drew attention to the fact that fifteen or twenty additional missionaries were needed at once, but could not be sent for lack of funds. Since then, about ten friends have contributed $17,130 for this special purpose. Six additional men have been sent out and it is hoped that more will soon follow.

In 1861, when there were 13 circuits and 43 ministers in London, the Chapel Building Fund was established. Now there are 64 circuits and missions, 200 churches, 139 ministers, about 800 local preachers, and 67,234 Sunday-school scholars. The churches that have been built cost $3,500,000.

In South London a building is about to be erected at a cost of $125,000 for city mission purposes, similar to the Central Hall Mission, in West London.

A gratifying occurrence has taken place at Ripon, which is a fine exemplification of Church unity. A united prayer-meeting was held in the town hall for a week. All denominations took part. The Dean presided in his turn with the ministers of other denominations. The object was to promote Christian unity among all the Churches.

The publishers of the *Methodist Times* have given $1,500 to the Treasurer of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Methodist Episcopal Church first began mission work in Africa in 1833, in South America in 1836, in China in 1847, and in India in 1856. At the present time the church members in full standing in various countries are as follows: In Africa, 4,402; China, 9,334; India, 28,040; South America, 2,084; Japan, 3,369; Mexico, 1,920; Italy, 1,356; Malaysia, Bulgaria and Korea, 688. The Church has also missions in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and St. Petersburg, which number 37,364 members, thus giving a total membership in all the mission fields of the Methodist Episcopal Church of 87,958.

Every Sunday the ministers and missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church preach the gospel in the United States alone in sixteen different languages.

Bishop Fowler says it costs the United States $120 a year to take care of an un-Christian Indian in Dakota, and but $7 to care for a Christian Indian. Again, missions have not taken out of the world's pocket-book five per cent. of the money they have put into that pocket-book.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The general Minutes of the Church, South, just out, shows a membership of 1,462,423, an increase of 37,272 over the previous year. There are 47 Conferences, with an average membership of 31,115. The total amount paid for missions is $349,426.05, being nearly 24 cents per capita. If we add the woman's contributions of $74,403.16, we will have $423,829.21, which is nearly 29 cents per capita.

The meeting of the Joint Commission on Federation was held at Washington, D.C., according to appointment and was a meeting of great harmony. The report submitted by the Southern members of the Commission was adopted. It is recommended that a common catechism, hymn book, and order of public worship be prepared for both Churches. That a united book establishment and printing house be established in China and Japan. That an agreement be entered into not to establish rival churches, where one or other of the churches is already in possession of the place. That both Churches shall be united in their efforts to establish a Protestant University in Washington.

The Methodist Church.

Arrangements are being made to send two missionaries immediately to the Klondike gold fields, one of whom is to be a medical missionary. It is proposed that two others shall follow in the fall of 1898 or the spring of 1899. As the expense of this mission will necessarily be very heavy, an appeal is being made to raise a fund of $10,000 to meet the requirements.

The work of the Epworth Leagues on behalf of missions is worthy of all praise.

Palmerston District Leagues have undertaken to raise $300, which they intend to be used in supporting two native workers in China.

The total amount raised for missions by the juveniles for the last year aggregates $21,805.

A missionary in Newfoundland preaches at ten places situated in a section of country 250 miles in extent, over which he travels mostly on foot, often through bog and marsh or along the most primitive of roads.

Special evangelistic services have been held at several places with gratifying results. At Galt, 179 were given the right hand of fellowship at one reception service. The services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, who at the time of our going to press are conducting special services in Queen Street Methodist Church, Toronto.

At Newmarket, eighty persons were received into the church. The reception service, on January 30th, made a profound impression on the large congregation. Rev. A. H. Ranton laboured here for three weeks.

At Hannah Street church, Hamilton, the Misses Hall have laboured for a few weeks, with the result that seventy persons have joined that church, and fourteen connected with other churches.

Bobcaygeon has been favoured with a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as a result of which ninety persons have united with the church. Mr. Viner has laboured here with great acceptance.

Primitive Methodist.

The young men attending Manchester College are expected to devote some portion of their time to the College Settlement, Whitechapel, London. Fifteen of them have now taken up their abode there for the time being. They will be brought into contact with the people in a way that will teach them many useful lessons, while their open-air preaching and special services will give them fine opportunities for the exercise of their talents. This mission has had a marvellous history. There are 450 church members, 11,000 children have been supplied with a free breakfast at the mission's three centres. The medical department has had 10,000 cases. There is great need for increased effort in this congested part.

Owing to the increased attendance at Bourne College, Birmingham, an enlargement of the premises has been made, which provides for the accommodation of 100 students. The cost of the improvements amounts to $21,000.

A new church has been dedicated at Newcastle-on-Tyne which cost $28,000. More than one-half has been raised.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. John Anderson was 84 years of age when he died, and had been 62 years in the ministry. His father also was a minister and was called into the active work by the venerable Wesley, the founder of Methodism.

The Rev. John Burton was the father in the Wesleyan Conference, and died in December at the great age of 92. He had been in the ministry 72 years. He began his ministry as a missionary in the West Indies.

In our own Church the Rev. John Walker, an aged minister who entered the itinerancy in 1854, and in 1874 retired to a superannuated relation, since which date he had lived much in retirement. He was a member of the Methodist New Connexion and was a man greatly beloved by all to whom he was known.

Items.

There are fifty women in the deaconess home in Lucknow, India (more than half of them famine sufferers), who came starved physically, mentally and morally. One girl of thirteen, a dense heathen, unable to read a word, learned in three weeks to read the thirty-fourth Psalm and to sing many of the hymns, which she committed to memory.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school Union has on the rolls 60,000 Germans, 10,000 Swedes, 5,000 Norwegians and Danes, 2,000 Bohemians, 1,000 Chinese, besides French, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and Japanese—all the results of work among the immigrants.

The survivors of the crew of the barque *Seladon*, who were brought to Fiji by the s.s. *Taviuni*, after having been for a year on Sophia Island, are not likely to rail at missionaries and mission work in the future. The natives who fed them so hospitably when they landed half dead on the island, would most probably have fed on them if the Gospel had not found its way to the South Seas.

THE CHARITY SEAT.